81 JUN 13

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

JULY

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COPY
CENTRAL SERIAL RECORD

VERONICA LAKE

"UNITED WE STAND"

1st copy to Central Serial Record JUN - 8 1942

Y! "HER CARDBOARD LOVER"

FICTIONIZATION STARRING
NORMA SHEARER, ROBERT TAYLOR

JIMMY CAGNEY is playing "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

ette MacDonald's Message to Soldiers' Wives and Sweethearts

Ah-h-h-h!...



JEAN GABIN

...More than a glamour-boy!



...More than a muscle-man!



...More than a cave man!



AND... he can do more with one glance than most stars can with ten pages of script!

JEAN GABIN

... star of "Grand Illusion" in his first American motion picture... and

IDA LUPINO

in



MOONTIDE

with

THOMAS MITCHELL • CLAUDE RAINS
and **JEROME COWAN • HELENE REYNOLDS**

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO • Produced by MARK HELLINGER • Screen Play by John O'Hara

A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

COMING!



TYRONE POWER • JOAN FONTAINE in

"This Above All"

By ERIC KNIGHT
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

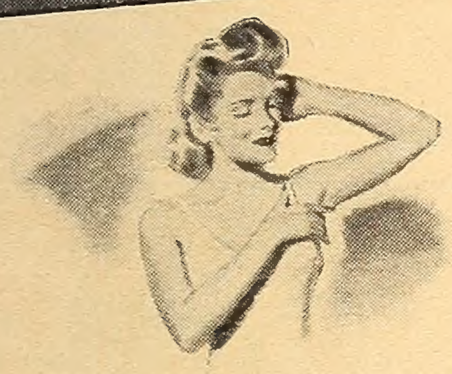
A Hint to the Girl with a Man in her Life!





HE PHONED—"It's a date with bells on, Beautiful!" To set yourself off on the right foot, you freshen up with a shower or bath—you feel gay as confetti—as bubbling as champagne! But don't expect your bath unaided to keep you dainty all evening long. Bathing only removes past perspiration. To prevent risk of future odor, to *stay* popular, thousands of girls rely on Mum.





ALL YOUR PLANS to conquer can be undone by even a tiny trace of underarm odor! Perhaps you've seen unhappy girls neglected after even just a few dances! The gayer your evening is—the more you'll need Mum! It takes only 30 seconds to apply gentle, creamy Mum. Yet, without stopping perspiration, Mum guards your charm for many glittering hours —from the first happy "hello" to the last dreamy waltz.





Product of Bristol-Myers

Girls who use Mum say it's grand because:

MUM SAVES YOUR TIME! 30 seconds, and you're through . . . yet Mum protects your after-bath freshness all day or all evening.

MUM SAVES YOUR CLOTHES! It has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fine fabrics. And gentle Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum works, not by stopping perspiration, but by *preventing* odor. Try it—you'll like Mum. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is such a safe, gentle deodorant. Mum's *dependability* is a safeguard against embarrassment.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

JUN -5 1942

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Call us Nostradamus, Jr. At any rate we're following in the footsteps of the eminent foreteller.



We are about to prophesy that the Jan Struther novel, "Mrs. Miniver" will be the First Lady of the Screen for '42.

★ ★ ★ ★

We have our paw on the pulse of the public when we make our startling prediction. We saw William Wyler's production of "Mrs. Miniver" in a Hollywood preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

Let us tell you about that preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

Prepared for the screen by producer Sidney Franklin, who had had an editorial hand in "Goodbye Mr. Chips", there was reason to believe that "Mrs. Miniver" was an equally creditable picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

But it was not certain what the public would say.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was evident that William Wyler, one of the really great directors, had done his finest job . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

That Greer Garson as Mrs. Miniver had been perfection itself . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

And that Walter Pidgeon as Clem had been dream-like casting . . .



It was said that no finer supporting cast had ever been assembled than Teresa Wright, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Richard Ney, Tom Conway, Henry Wilcoxon.

★ ★ ★ ★

Still, there was a lot to be learned from the first public reaction to this most unusual type of film about a peaceful little life caught in the maelstrom of the moment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Imagine the excitement! Only once before—it was the preview of "Big Parade"—had there been such a tremendous public demonstration in favor of a film.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver" had joined the big parade of the screen's noblest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now it's true we haven't told you about the story. Perhaps we should have done it, because our purpose is to arouse your interest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sounds selfish, doesn't it?

★ ★ ★ ★

But when you see "Mrs. Miniver" you'll remember whom to thank for the tip—

—Leo

The Smart Screen Magazine

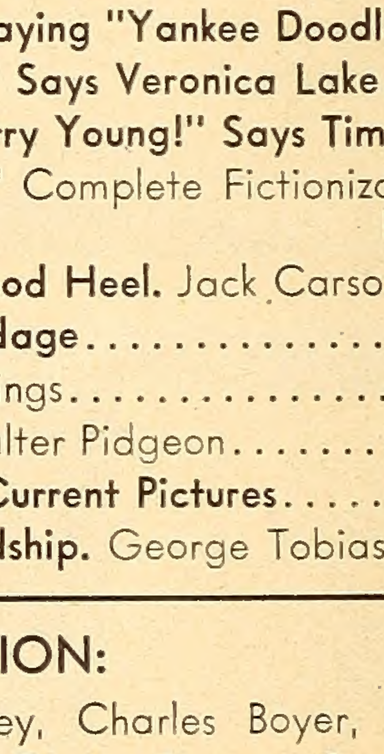
SCREENLAND

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July, 1942 Vol. XLV, No. 3

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Cover Portrait of VERONICA LAKE, appearing in Paramount's "This Gun for Hire," photographed by Malcolm Bulloch

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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Its SPECIAL INGREDIENT *Resists Ugly "Fraying" and "Peeling"—Resists Water*

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** Special ingredient is Chrystallyne, a pure and perfect resinous compound.*

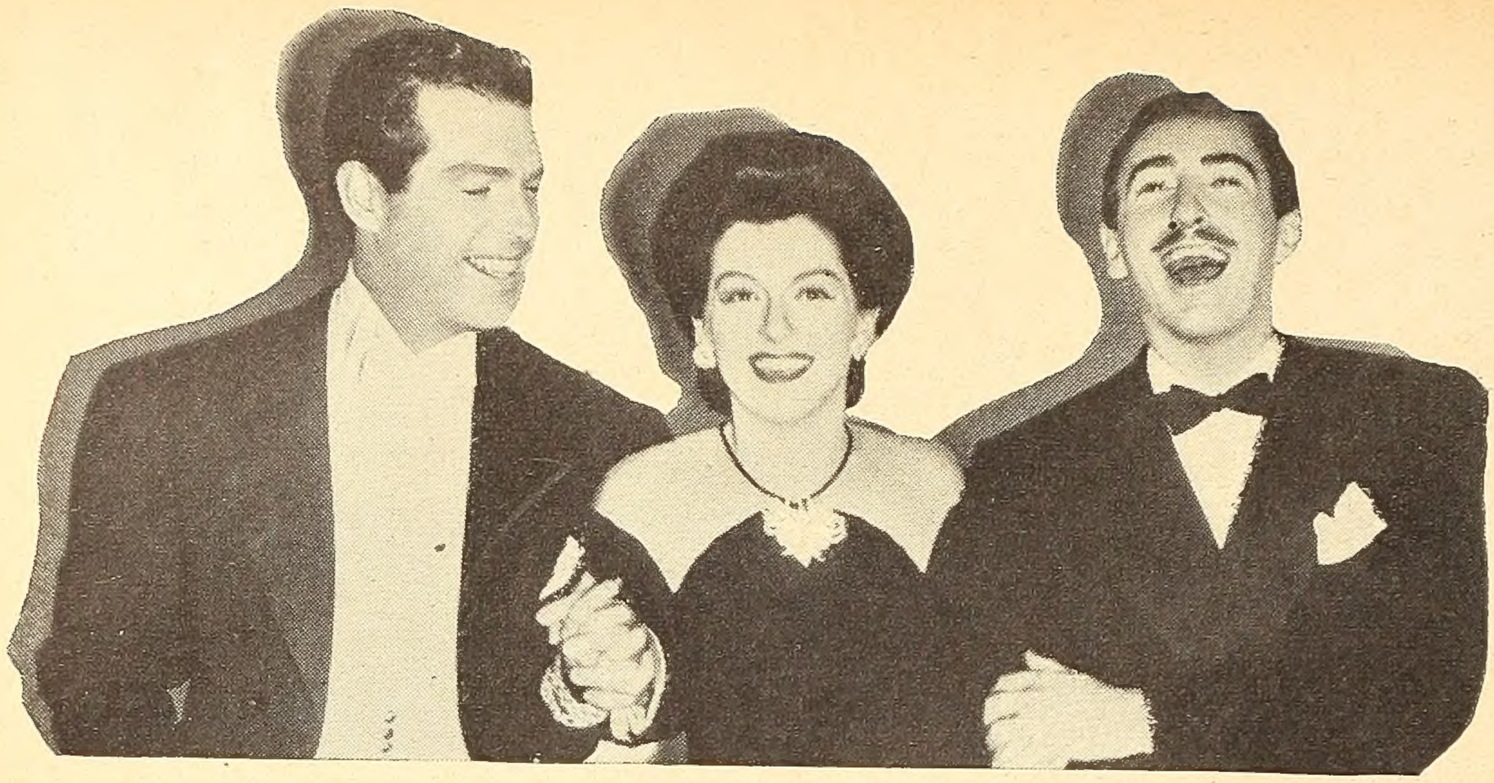


DURA-GLOSS

10c PLUS TAX

3 new colors for summer— Blackberry Wineberry Mulberry

Copyr. 1942, Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey—Founded by E. T. Reynolds



DON'T take it too seriously. We mean the purported romance between Joan Crawford and Glenn Ford. It's reached the moonlight-driving, hidden-away-eating-place stage. Glenn has five autographed photographs of Joan up in his room. They spend long evenings listening to romantic recordings. But serious romance is out for Joan. Glenn, who worships beauty, has found a good outlet for his emotion.

THERE were no tears shed when Ronnie Reagan had to say goodbye to Jane Wyman and his daughter Maureen. In fact, Janie gave a party the night before Ronnie embarked for camp. She was determined to be as brave as she knows he's going to be. Ronnie gave up stardom just as his career was soaring. His fan mail is now second only to Errol Flynn's. But he'll be resuming his place soon. As Jane puts it, "Now that Ronnie's in the Army, the war will soon be over!"

WHEN you see "Mrs. Miniver" you'll learn that Richard Ney is a darn good actor—but anything *but* a glamor boy. All of which makes no difference to Greer Garson. The red-headed woman is supposed to have fallen, hook, line, and a pretty line he has! By the way, Richard *isn't* British. He just talks that way.

IT'S Jeffrey Lynn—legally now. The star, now serving his "Uncle" at Fort Monmouth, was christened Ragnar Geoffrey Lind. The kids at school always called him "Rags." He grew to hate the name. His girl friend, Margaret Hayes, has been having occasional dates with Leif Erikson. Believe it or not, Leif (who is ready to divorce Frances Farmer) gathers moonstones on the beach where he lives. Margaret is having them polished and made up into costume jewelry.



HOLLYWOOD gossips have tried their darndest to make a serious romance between Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling. They're good friends but nothing more. But you'd really be surprised if you knew what big star was keeping Annie's telephone ringing itself silly! We can't reveal his name (yet) because he's still involved in a fast-fading romance. When it gets to that "thanks for the memory stage," Ann will step out with him.

Bob Hope and Dona Drake, above right, in scene from "The Road to Morocco," which follows the pattern of former "Road" films tri-starring Hope, Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour. Above left, Fred MacMurray, Rosalind Russell and Macdonald Carey in "Take a Letter, Darling," hilarious new comedy. Joel McCrea, Claudette Colbert and Rudy Vallee, right, are making "The Palm Beach Story." Below, another scene with Fred MacMurray. The girl is Paulette Goddard and it's from "The Forest Rangers."





Glorious News For A Glorious JULY 4th!

THE FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES!



After one whole year of acclaim, beginning with the 4th of July you may now see this greatest of great pictures at your theatre's regular admission prices! See it—*and celebrate!*

GARY COOPER as "Sergeant York"

Exactly as shown at advanced prices

WINNER OF THE ACADEMY AWARD just one of the hundred honors heaped upon it!

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WALTER BRENNAN • JOAN LESLIE

GEORGE TOBIAS • STANLEY RIDGES

A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY and HAL B. WALLIS

ginal Screen Play by Abem Finkel & Harry Chandlee and Howard Koch & John Huston • Based Upon the Diary of Sergeant York • Music by Max Steiner

Hail the new Ladd! First name, Alan. Personality, compelling. Talent, terrific. In "This Gun for Hire" he performs the incredible feat of turning audience attention away from Veronica Lake. He's the New Man in movie town



From his first scene in "This Gun for Hire," newcomer Alan Ladd will hold your interest and arouse your pity, in his rôle of a cold-blooded killer, *Raven*, who lives only to wreak vengeance on a society which never gave him a chance. For once the beautiful Veronica Lake plays second fiddle.



Screenland Honor Page

Tagging the Talkies



Twin Beds—United Artists

To tie up this bedroom farce with current events, Joan Bennett is seen as the wife who neglects hubby George Brent in favor of the USO. Both are good, but Mischa Auer steals top honors as a romantic Russian who finds himself in Brent's bed. Most of the film is devoted to Joan's attempts to get Auer, who, clad in his underwear, hides here and hides there, out of her bedroom. Repetitious, but screamingly funny. Has a good supporting cast.



Fingers at the Window—M-G-M

Although this mystery thriller is about strange axe murders, it is *not* a horror film. Lew Ayres as *Duffy,* unemployed actor, saves *Edwina* (Laraine Day) from a killer. Despite police opposition, his detective work brings to light the master-mind behind the killings—a bogus psychiatrist who hypnotizes lunatics to make them kill. Lew's is a good rôle, but Laraine has little to do. Basil Rathbone, fine as the phony medico. Suspense is good.



Joe Smith, American—M-G-M

The purpose of this film is to impress us with the importance of guarding military secrets. It is a lesson in patriotism, and not lacking in entertainment qualities, either. *Joe,* a defense worker, is kidnapped and horribly beaten when he refuses to divulge bombsight plans. He escapes and tracks down the spies. *Joe* manages to stand the blows by remembering happier days. Robert Young's interpretation of *Joe Smith* is convincing.

Don't just Dream of Loveliness— go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



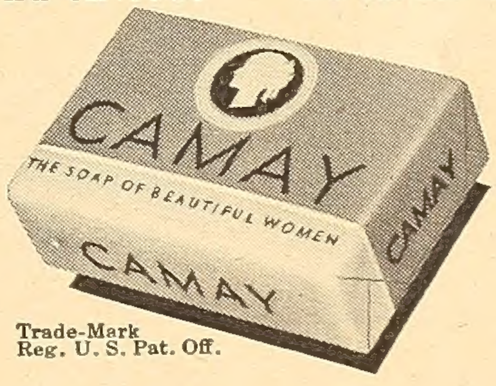
This lovely bride *is Mrs. James H. McClure, of Chicago, Ill., who says: "I'm really grateful for the way the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped my skin look so lovely!"*

Try this exciting beauty treatment—it's based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

DON'T waste time idly envying the woman whose skin is lovely! With a little time—and the right care—you too, can garner compliments and envious glances! Now—tonight—put your complexion on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

This exciting idea in beauty care can arouse the sleeping beauty in your skin. For, like so many women, you may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is actually *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"



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Set aside 30 days in which to give it a fair test. The very first treatment will leave your skin feeling fresh and glowing. In the days to come, your mirror may reveal an enchanting, exciting new loveliness.

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up.

WIN A PRIZE IN CAMILLE'S EYE CONTEST

You can have prize-winning eyes! Make them lovelier with Camille mascara and enter this exciting contest. Buy any three 10c Camille products at your 5 and 10c store. Send these three cards or box-tops (or reasonable facsimiles) together with your photo or snapshot (preferably face only, and the larger the better). Any number of your photos may be sent, but each must be accompanied by three additional cards. Address: Contest Director, Camille, Inc., Morristown, N. J.

FIRST PRIZE:

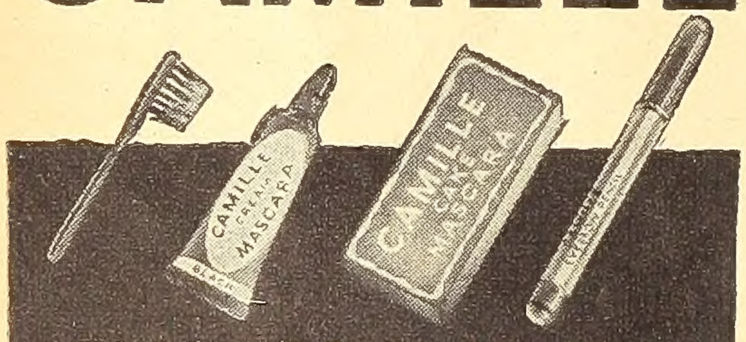
A round-trip ticket to Hollywood, all expenses paid, as guest of Republic Pictures. with a screen role for two weeks in a Republic film at $100 per week. IN ADDITION you will be presented with a stunning fur coat from I. J. Fox, "America's Largest Furriers."

OTHER THRILLING PRIZES:

- A strikingly original, 6-piece wardrobe from Townley Frocks Inc., consisting of fall suit, daytime dress, dinner gown and lounging pajamas, all created by Claire McCardell, leading American designer.
- An exquisite diamond 17 jewel, irridium platinum Wrist Watch by Gruen, makers of the "Precision Watch."
- A genuine Tecla necklace of perfectly matched pearls from Tecla Pearls, Inc., famous for the "World's Finest Culture Pearls."
- A Scholarship in Fashion and Photographic Modelling at smart Mayfair Mannequin Academy, Fifth Avenue, New York.
- And 5 gorgeous, jewel-encrusted sets of costume jewelry, consisting of bracelet, necklace, earrings and ring, by "Karu," well known Fifth Avenue jewelers.

All entries must be in by July 1st, 1942. (All selections will be final.)

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Black Brown Blue Green.

Cake Mascara — Cream Mascara — Eyebrow Pencil. 10c at leading 5 & 10 cent stores, also at many drug stores — or for information write to Camille, Inc., Morristown, N. J.

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LASTS MONTHS POSTPAID for only $1.00

Lechler's **VELVATIZE**

House of Lechler, Dept. 157, 560 Broadway, New York City

By Betty Boone

Inside the Stars' Homes



Gail trims the terrace, below, and one of the tables for her July 4th party.

4th of July means more than ever this year, and Gail Patrick plans a very special party





WHEN Gail Patrick was a child, her family made a tremendous fuss about birthdays. She was a queen on her birthday; didn't have to go to school, needn't do home chores, could select the day's menus, wear what she chose, while everyone else did as she suggested and a Birthday Man arrived with her birthday gifts, just as an Easter Rabbit comes with Easter eggs.

Fourth of July was Gail's father's birthday when a similar excitement reigned in the family, so that, looking back, Gail can't untangle the thrills that belonged to her father's natal day and those that came with the birthday of her country.

"We spent our summers on the river, so that the 4th was always celebrated there," she recalls. "It may have been that fireworks were not permitted outside the city, or it may have been that my parents disapproved of them where there were children, but at any rate we had none. We had picnics instead."

Any of us attempting to use fireworks this year of war may be inviting Mr. Leon Henderson's wrath. Gail, for one, is going to celebrate with an informal patio picnic.

Many of Gail's friends are with the armed services; any who can get leave will be found playing table tennis on her flagged court, lounging on the tiled patio, or devouring delectable dishes at white tables set around it or in the adjoining Flag Room.

Gail likes to serve cool drinks—fruit lemonade, iced tea, gingerale, iced coffee. One wrinkle for the 4th is to put a cinnamon drop into ice cubes as they freeze; this turns the ice red or puts a red pattern through it and is decorative.

"For guests who drop in throughout the day, I'll have sandwiches, regular kind and open-faced, my special cake, and lots of cookies and fruit," planned Gail. "My open-faced sandwiches can double as canapés, if you choose. Take thin bread and fry it lightly; this keeps it crisp till eaten. Cut out with cookie cutters in stars, bars, cres-

ents or what you will; top with cream heese in white and red and blue, in any atterns that occur to you. I use pimiento ut into shapes of airplanes, V-for-victory, tars, any military insignia I can copy. A late or two of these adds interest to your able. You can use other toppings, of course, live paste, anchovy, egg, peanut butter nd so on."

Gail's special cake is so frequently demanded by guests that she kindly keeps a upply of recipes on hand as gifts to avored friends. She is presenting it to ou SCREENLAND readers now. Try it, and ee if it lives up to its fan's praise.

GAIL'S SPECIAL CAKE

½ cup sweet butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
½ cup seedless raisins
½ cup currants
½ cup chopped walnuts
1¼ cups hot, thick unsweetened apple-sauce
1¾ cups cake flour (Swansdown)
1 teaspoon soda (Arm & Hammer)
1 teaspoon cloves (Burnett's)
1 teaspoon cinnamon (Burnett's)
½ teaspoon Royal baking powder

Method:

1. Cream butter and sugar and add well-beaten eggs. (Beat whites and yolks separately—add beaten egg whites later.)
2. Use ½ cup flour to dredge raisins, currants and nuts.
3. Sift remaining flour with other dry ingredients.
4. Add dry ingredients alternately with hot apple-sauce to creamed mixture.
5. Add raisins, currants and nuts last. Mix well.
6. Fold in egg whites.
7. Bake in two 8" cake pans for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.
8. Put together with cocoanut butter icing.

COCOANUT BUTTER ICING

¼ cup sweet butter
3 cups powdered sugar
⅓ cup thick cream
½ teaspoon vanilla (Burnett's)
6 ounces grated fresh cocoanut

Method:

1. Cream butter and sugar together until smooth.



Balloons and everything! Gail Patrick's pet, "Missy," enters into the spirit of 4th of July celebration. Below, Gail in her Flag Room.

2. Add cream and vanilla and beat thoroughly. (If necessary, a little more cream may be added to make icing easy to spread.)
3. Add half of fresh grated cocoanut and mix thoroughly.
4. Put between layers (using plenty) and on top and sides of cake.
5. Sprinkle remaining cocoanut on top and sides of cake.

Note: Vanilla butter icing is made with the same method and the same ingredients, with the exception of the fresh cocoanut.

For the 4th of July guests who remain for the evening Gail serves a buffet supper.

"I may have spaghetti with a special sauce, minced ham, green salad, toasted French bread, fruit and cheese. Or perhaps I'll serve a hot dish of creamed chicken or baked beans or perhaps toasted sandwiches and potato salad.

"My potato salad is distinguished for its dressing. I use whipped cream in the mayonnaise and add chopped almonds and chopped sweet pickles. You know how potato salad packs down? This makes it nice and fluffy."

(*Please turn to page 68*)



CUT BUTTER BILLS ⅓!

MAKE 2 lbs. OF DELICIOUS SPREAD USING ONLY 1 lb. OF BUTTER



HERE'S ALL YOU NEED:

1 lb. BUTTER... ¼ CUP COLD WATER
1 CAN EVAPORATED MILK (14½ OZ.)
1 ENVELOPE KNOX GELATINE

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Soften gelatine in ¼ cup cold water. Then place in a dish of hot water and stir until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Cut the butter into small pieces. Place it in a dish over hot water until the butter is quite soft. Do not melt. Gradually whip the milk and the dissolved gelatine into the butter with a Dover egg beater or your electric mixer. After the milk is thoroughly beaten into the butter, add salt to taste. If milk separates, keep on beating it until it is all mixed in. Pack into dish or container and place on ice or in cool place until hard. It should be kept in refrigerator when not in use. Coloring may be added if desired.

Note: Fresh milk may be substituted for the evaporated milk—in which case use a pint of milk (preferably the top half of a quart bottle) and soften the gelatine in ¼ cup milk taken from that pint.

DON'T GIVE UP BUTTER!

Butter has Vitamin A you need for a sound diet. And 2 pounds of smooth, butter-flavored Knox Spread costs ⅓ less than 2 pounds of butter. Fewer calories, so it's fine for dieters. Try it today. Send coupon for FREE Knox recipes!



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Send me FREE copy of Mrs. Knox's booklet, "Cut Butter Bills with Knox Spread"...new money-saving recipes from famous magazine kitchens.

Name.....

Address.....

It's a
BIG PICTURE

DRAMA!

Blood-curdling as the icy winds that howl through the vastness of the Arctic wastes!





Romance!

In a land where emotions are wild and turbulent—far from civilization's law!



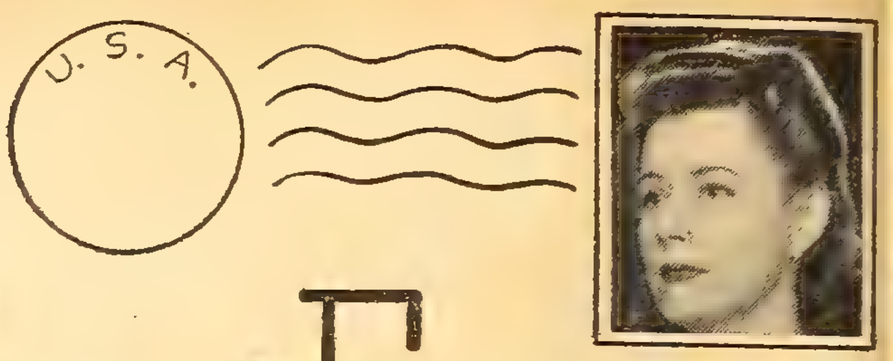
RAY
MIDDLETON
JEAN PARKER
in
The GIRL from ALASKA

with Jerome Cowan, Robert Barrat
Ray Mala, Raymond Hatton

from the famous Saturday Evening Post Serial, "Golden Portage"

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

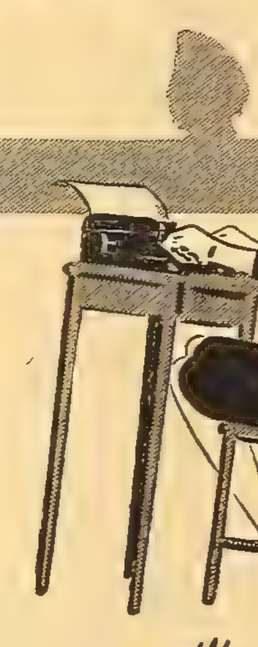














Fans' Forum

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

I have a job—it's not going to an office or punching a clock—it's keeping one of Uncle Sam's sailors happy and trying to make his liberty hours pleasant ones.

Frank's not an officer—he's a seaman and we're among the millions who have to find good entertainment in the moving picture theaters. (They fit our budget.) Here's an orchid to the neighborhood shows that make this possible and to the producers for their comedies that do so much for all the boys in the service. Please keep up the good work and give us more slapstick and comedies we can laugh out loud at and relax. And keep them about the boys in camps so they can live the leads themselves.

Thanks for your part in keeping up morale in the good old U. S. A.

MRS. FRANK HUNT, JR., Houston, Texas.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

Hollywood is truly miraculous. It never seems to run out of ideas or material for new pictures. In the last year, they have had another stroke of genius. That stroke of genius was the acquisition of top-flight dance orchestras for motion pictures. Orchestras in pictures, prior to this year, were for the most part a dismal failure. I believe that failure was due to the fact that at that time, Hollywood did not fully comprehend the tremendous appeal that a great band could give a picture, and for this reason, the orchestras were given a back seat. But Hollywood, as usual, was quick to recuperate from that momentary error, and now they appreciate the fact that a Goodman, Dorsey, or Miller is selling power plus.

The modern American dance orchestra is a big business, and has a big following. No one can prove otherwise. Because of this advantageous situation, I feel certain that the motion picture industry and the music world are going to do some fancy collaborating. Already Miller, both Dorseys, Crosby, Shaw, Herman and others have made pictures. More are to come, and most assuredly the bands will get bigger and better billing.

It is rumored that a certain large studio is planning to feature the Dorsey Brothers and their two orchestras in a picture. If this, as yet undetermined arrangement, comes to pass, it will consolidate once and for all America's two greatest entertainment fields.

DEAN LUCE, New Hampton, N. H.

TELL IT TO SCREENLAND

Got a complaint? Well, you'd better tell it to SCREENLAND since you can't "tell it to the Marines" these days—our trusty leathernecks being much too busy. And what's more you can turn your complaints into War Savings Stamps and your Stamps into War Savings Bonds to help Keep 'Em Flying for Uncle Sam. To put it plainly, we're inviting you to write a letter about the movies. Complaints are as welcome as compliments. Closing date, 25th of month. First prize, $10.00; second prize, $5.00; and five prizes of $1.00 each, all payable in War Savings Stamps.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND'S Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 Each

Perhaps the Fans' Forum isn't the place for arguments, but I beg to disagree with a letter written by Miss Betty Toles.

I see no reason whatever why modern glamor girls should not be converted into wrinkled old women, if the success and reality of a really good movie depend upon it. It would be a wonderful, if queer, world in which none of us would grow old. We all know that time passes and we grow old with time. Therefore, if it is necessary for time to pass before a story can be completed, can't a glamor girl sacrifice her beauty for at least a part of the picture?

I, for one, do not go to a movie to see a pretty face. Glamor is all right, but too much is sometimes sickening. Some fans prefer good acting to beauty. Though growing old may not show acting ability, it adds the touch of humanity and reality, without which no movie can be a real success.

One picture I shall never forget is

enny Serenade." I didn't mind watching beauty of Irene Dunne fade, as her rable little daughter grew up. And, as as I know, none of my friends were ed or disappointed in the picture.
Roxie Hart," in which George Montnery grew old, would not have been half impressive or funny, had he not grown er and told what had happened to the oine of the story. Could *Roxie* have n left alone in the courtroom at the of the picture?
No, I think anyone who objects to age motion pictures is very wrong. I would her see a stirring human story, without uty and glamor, if I must choose.
BETTY GUSTAVSON, Graceville, Minn.

You have offered your Forum as a dium for expressing likes and dislikes movie production—so here I go!
have just seen another picture in the lcon" series. Of all the colossal insults! e star of the picture, George Sanders, ar above anything as cheap, amateurish, stagey as the "Falcon" series. I once d that John Barrymore had named Mr. nders "one of the greatest actors in the rld." To my mind, this is no misstatent. I have seen only two other persons have such a consistent ability to exss so vividly the deepest emotions—they Conrad Veidt and Madame Maria spenskaya.
am glad to read that Mr. Sanders is pping the "Falcon" pictures and going to bigger and better rôles. I hope that sn't mean just "villain" rôles. He is st adept at handling them, of course, it would be refreshing to see him in mpathetic part which required real actability.
RS. JEAN C. SMITH, Turners Falls, Mass.

Of all the girls on the screen today, it my opinion that there is only one outnding actress despite the fact that she ed to win the Oscar Award. I'm referg to the charming Olivia de Havilland. e has been my favorite ever since I first l eyes on her in "Hard to Get" a few years ago. Miss de Havilland may never win an Academy Award—so what? Her pictures draw more fans to the theaters than pictures starring Ginger Rogers, Dorothy Lamour, Hedy Lamarr, Joan Fontaine, Lana Turner and Ann Sheridan, I'm very certain. I liked the cover of Olivia on the April SCREENLAND and found the story about her in that issue very interesting. I hope that I will continue to see more and more of my favorite glamor girl from now on.
PRIVATE JACK BARR, Port Jackson, S. C.

The first time I saw him was at the flattering disadvantage of "standing-room only," during the stage version of "The Philadelphia Story." Later, I recognized him as the memorable "meanie" in an Errol Flynn film. His deft characterization in "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," gave glimpses of greatness, soon fulfilled by the idealistic, inebriate friend of "Johnny Eager."
Versatile Van Heflin has a quality of impressive naturalness and true artistry, destined to provide competition for future "Oscar-contenders" and much for the-great-American-audience to justly applaud.
MARY E. LAUBER, Philadelphia, Pa.

I've been slowly boiling about the welfare of Hedy Lamarr for a long time but it took her appearance in "H. M. Pulham, Esq." to definitely blow the lid. Whoever was to blame for casting her as a smug, self-made, working girl (who didn't even know enough to take her man—when she found him) ought to be shot at sunrise.
The situation reeks of a deliberate, bold plot to crush her. Certainly there was nothing subtle about the horse-tail knotted on the back of her neck and her lovely forehead eclipsed by the same hideous hair-do. At first, I thought the brittle, top-heavy young woman was Ruth Hussey trying to imitate Hedy. Grievance No. 2: Hedy gaping with wide-eyed dumbness and awe in the face of old family grandeur. No. 3: dressed like a rag-doll for the winter sports. Her later disguise as a handsome, successful heart-hungry older woman



When Jean Ames is not needed for scenes at Warners, she can usually be found sitting at the edge of a swimming-pool, taking advantage of California's sunny weather and getting herself a nice coat of tan.



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IF I WERE VICTOR MATURE! —by CAROLE LANDIS

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She calls him "The Sweater Man"—and without pulling any punches, she tells exactly what she thinks of him!

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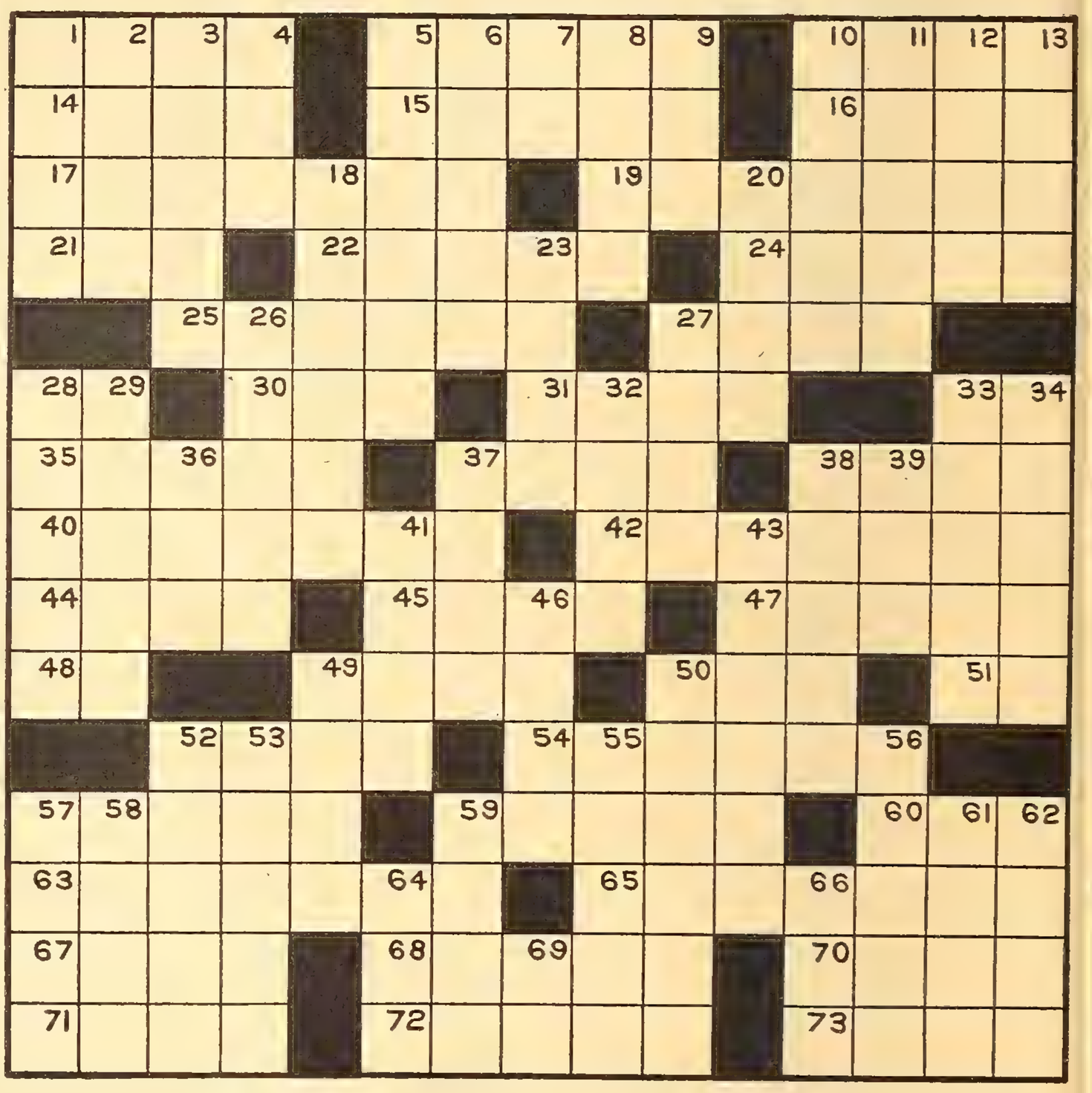
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

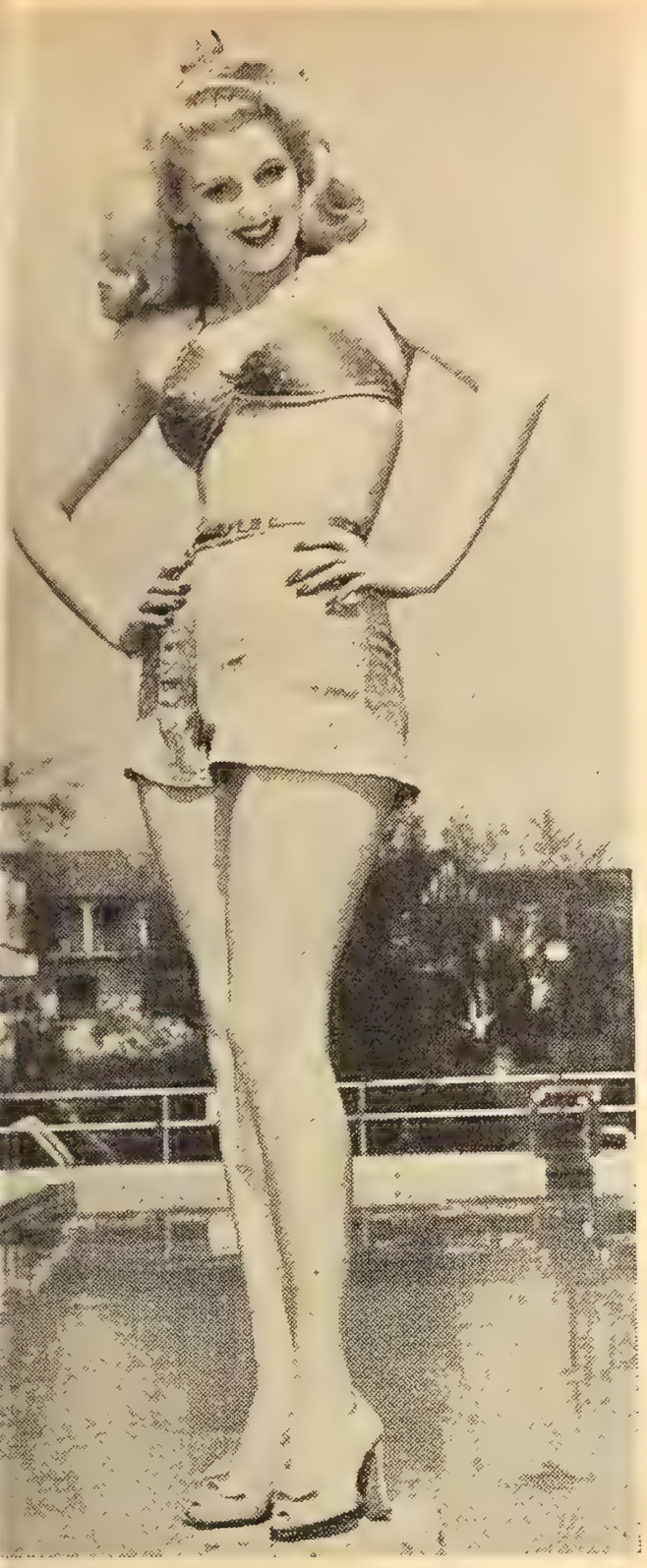
1. Fair
5. Co-star, "The Spoilers"
10. Co-star, "The Lady Is Willing"
14. Leer
15. Light boat
16. Unusual
17. Co-star, "Ship Ahoy"
19. Olivia de Havilland's rôle in "G.W.T.W."
21. Corrosive
22. Eaten away
24. Put up stakes, as in poker
25. He plays "The Thin Man"
27. Writing fluids
28. Exist
30. Preceded
31. Co-star, "The Mayor of 44th Street"
33. "You Belong to - -" (Stanwyck, Fonda)
35. Burdens
37. Taunt
38. He's featured in "Captains of the Clouds"
40. Co-star, "Bedtime Story"
42. Co-star, "Remember the Day"
44. "The Adventures of Martin - - -" (Glenn Ford)
45. Enormous
47. Co-star, "Week-End in Havana"
48. State (abbrev.)
49. Fred Astaire's new dancing partner
50. Took food
51. Period of time (abbrev.)
52. Had noticed
54. She plays *Roxie Hart*
57. Dwelling
59. She's featured in "Nazi Agent"
60. Sacred wine vessel
63. Co-star, "We Were Dancing"
65. Cooking vessels
67. "Canal - - - -" (Chester Morris)
68. Skating screen star
70. What you'll do when tires give out
71. "So - - - - Our Night" (Fredric March)
72. Wise men
73. Betting percentages

DOWN

1. Co-star, "The Great Man's Lady"
2. "The - - - - Duckling" (famous Walt Disney short)
3. Repose
4. Afternoon repast
5. Kept a record (as in a game)
6. Co-star, "This Woman Is Mine"
7. "Babes - - Broadway" (Rooney-Garland)
8. Large book
9. Golf term
10. He's featured in "The Vanishing Virginian"
11. Raves
12. One of the Great Lakes
13. Act
18. Latest
20. These sisters played in "Four Daughters," and other films in that series
23. Cabbage dish
26. Ancient
27. Within
28. The *Mrs.* in "Mr. and Mrs. North"
29. Capricious
32. Exact
33. Co-star, "Bedtime Story"
34. Come into
36. "Dudes - - - Pretty People" (Hal Roach film)
37. Stretched tight
38. More capable
39. Hawaiian wreath
41. "The Shadow of the - - - - Man"
43. Most recent
46. He plays *Lou Gehrig*
49. Section of a movie
50. Concurs
52. Noise
53. Margins
55. Co-star, "Song of the Islands"
56. Dish of vegetables
57. Woodsman's tool
58. Blessing
59. On the ocean
61. Pinochle term
62. Inquires
64. Exclamations
66. "- - - Yanks in Trinidad" (Pat O'Brien)
69. No good (slang)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

J	O	E	L	■	C	A	B	O	T	■	B	R	A	G
O	G	L	E	■	A	D	E	L	E	■	L	E	N	O
A	R	M	S	■	N	E	E	D	S	■	O	N	T	O
N	E	S	T	E	D	■	R	E	T	I	N	T	E	D
■	■	■	E	V	I	L	■	N	A	R	D	S	■	■
S	H	E	R	I	D	A	N	■	T	E	E	■	A	S
A	I	D	■	C	A	R	O	L	E	■	L	E	S	T
C	R	E	S	T	■	G	O	O	■	S	L	A	T	E
K	E	N	T	■	B	O	N	I	T	A	■	S	O	W
S	S	■	A	R	E	■	S	N	I	C	K	E	R	S
■	■	E	N	A	C	T	■	S	E	R	E	■	■	■
C	R	A	W	F	O	R	D	■	R	E	L	E	A	P
R	O	S	Y	■	M	O	R	A	N	■	T	A	R	A
A	L	E	C	■	E	P	O	D	E	■	O	V	A	L
W	E	L	K	■	S	E	P	O	Y	■	N	E	B	S



Dolores Moran, screen newcomer who makes her début in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," will not appear in "The Hard Way," but hopes her rise to stardom won't be a hard climb.

dn't take" either. Lamarr fans are sick d tired of the efforts to pass her off as her *Sis Hopkins* or "middle aged."

And, speaking of cinema teams, what out Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer? my estimation they are the top team all Hollywood history. What if she dn't prattle in "Algiers"? She didn't ed to! Lamarr and Boyer create glamor, otic mystery, and peak-love interest un- it simply oozes. Remember what hap- ned when their eyes met in "Algiers"? Please wake up and give us movies star- ng Hedy Lamarr as "Hedy Lamarr" with harles Boyer—and may the vehicles all ve happy endings!

MRS. H. B. STANNARD, Elmira, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

After reading the story entitled "You Vomen Are Too Beautiful" in a recent sue of SCREENLAND, I have come to the nclusion that George Sanders and I are ade for each other and am submitting the llowing as my entry in the Open Season n Sanders contest. Of course, modesty rohibits my giving you full details about yself, but I can list a few of my qualities: I have shining, golden-brown hair, big reen eyes, sweater-girl type, and am gen- ally glamorous; an excellent cook, seam- ress, sculptress and diplomat; can ride, wim, paint, sing, dance, play piano—also ot a mean comb. In fact, I'm everything ut a high-diving champion, and if you ish, I will start working on that right way. Speak Spanish, French, and assorted ioux dialects; love children, animals, books and men; am old enough to know better than to write a letter like this, but young enough to get a big bang out of it. Mr. Sanders, I'm certain that all this and me, too, will qualify me for first prize, but in case I don't win you, I'd be completely satisfied to win your equally charming brother, Mr. Tom Conway. Hopefully, A Fan. (Name, address and telephone number forwarded upon request.)

Seriously, though, I did enjoy the previously mentioned article about George Sanders. I hope this letter will be accepted in the spirit of fun in which it is written, because the story simply begged for a tongue-in-cheek answer.

Let's have more stories and photos of Mr. Sanders. He's a marvelous actor, and such a mystery-man. Maybe that's why he's so fascinating.

MARIE KOHL, Kansas City, Mo.

Contact! Gee Whiz! And a couple of whoopees! A new ceiling has been reached in the ever-widening field of cinema!

For those who have been yearning for some genuine, he-man, honest-to-goodness filmfare, "Captains of the Clouds" will more than appease that desire. In this sky-worthy vehicle, we have emoting that is *good,* so good, we almost feel the ozone rushing about our faces as Jimmy Cagney soars about in the clouds! To see him flying against the Luftwaffe, and to watch him cleverly out-wit the other pilots would seem quite enough, but we have more, much more! There is Dennis Morgan—attractive, virile and even more super than when we last met. Then, there is Alan Hale who never lets us down when it comes to extra excitement. With Brenda Marshall for something special in way of ornament, here is a picture which will set a new standard in film photography!

Contact! We're taking off with "Captains of the Clouds"! Cheerio!

RUBYE M. CHAPMAN, Birmingham, Ala.

To my mind SCREENLAND has done a great deal more than any other magazine in aiding young screen starlets struggling for note in a field of immense competition. We fans love to see our old favorites in your gorgeous photography section, but giving young players such as Alan Ladd, Elaine Morey, and William Lundigan a break is a swell idea. Keep it up!

MARY COSTELLO, Denver, Colo.

I love the movies but:

Why don't they give us a rest on Veronica Lake's hair-do, Olivia de Havilland's love affairs, Errol Flynn's fights at home and abroad, Joan Crawford's voice lessons, and so on?

Why don't they tone down Billie Burke's birdlike chirps and flutterings a bit?

Why don't they make one picture with Wally Beery where his hair is not mussed all over his brow?

Why don't they give us just one candid shot of one of the movie lassies at play which doesn't show her boo-zum clear down to HERE?

Why don't they let Dorothy Lamour have just ONE expression that isn't smouldering (although she smoulders very nicely)?

Why don't they allow most of the gals to gain a few pounds? Hip-bones, collar-bones and sharp elbows may be interesting to an anatomist, but not to the average male moviegoer.

Why don't they make more cheerful, really GOOD comedies—not zanies (we are sick of them) but movies with every-day comedy plots about people like US?

Why don't I stop criticizing the movies when I see a picture at least three times a week?

J. HENRY BOWEN, Columbus, Ohio



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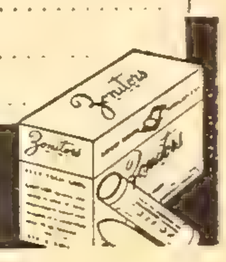
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A year ago only a printed remembrance from an insurance agent and a pair of gloves from "good old Helen." And now . . . all this!

There were Bill's flowers, Henry's orchids, an exquisite bottle of perfume from Loran, three telegrams, and a dozen other assurances that the awful year of loneliness lay behind her forever.

"How nice to see people and to be liked again!" she thought—and then, eyeing Bill's flowers, "How wonderful to be loved!"

Life was really worth living now . . . might have been all along if she hadn't been such a fool.

Looking back it didn't seem possible that a normally attractive and popular girl could have been so gradually yet so completely dropped as she had been. But that is the way gossip works—and a girl found guilty of this trouble* only once may be continually under suspicion.

And had it not been for Helen's friendly but brutal candor she might never have known what it was or what to do about it.

How About You?

No matter what your other good points are they may be overlooked if you have *halitosis (bad breath). Incidentally, anyone may have it. The worst of it is you may not know when you offend this way, so common sense tells you not to take chances.

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse every night and morning and between times, before business and social appointments? This wonderful antiseptic, with its delightful effect, not only freshens the entire mouth but makes the breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Countless fastidious people, popular people never, *never* omit it.

While some cases of halitosis are systemic, most cases, according to some authorities, are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

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The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO THESE GOOD AMERICANS

THERE has never been anything like it before and probably never will be again. I saw it and I still n't believe it. But it's true. The Hollywood Victory aravan for Army and Navy Relief, twenty-two of u topflight movie stars and eight starlets, came, were en, and conquered—and if a few Irene creations were rn and a few famous arms bruised and some cele- ated nerve systems upset in the struggle, it was well orth it to all concerned. As the elegant and fastidious audette Colbert told me, after the Washington and iladelphia shows (and with eleven more cities still to ay)—"What we've been through! But we love it."

Master of ceremonies Bob Hope worked as hard, or rder, getting up new gags with Jerry Colonna than works on his own high-paid pictures and radio pro- ams—and this show was only the start of his long rsonal appearance tour to entertain 100,000 soldiers d sailors, the longest tour any entertainer has ever ade donating his services, on vacation time, too. Of urse, Bob frankly enjoys an audience; he can't help owning wherever he is; it's as much fun for him as r us, as he admits—BUT he's doing it "for free" d FOR FREEDOM.

The Caravan, with Colbert, Hope, the two Joans, londell and Bennett, Cary Grant, Olivia de Havilland, aurel and Hardy, Eleanor Powell, the invincible Irish io of Cagney, O'Brien, and McHugh—and guess who's ost popular? It's Pat they yell at—all these and many ore who left their comfortable Hollywood homes and ressing rooms for a barnstorming tour of thirteen one- ight stands of America's big cities, rubbed elbows, no ooling, with their fans. Sold-out everywhere it played, he huge three-hour variety show was a sensation, each tar actually doing an act, not just twittering "I'm so appy to be here." They worked, these pampered pets, s they probably have never worked before—or since hey became famous. They TROUPED, these fabulous arlings did, they took it, they knocked themselves out —but in what a cause! Something tells me that more War Savings Stamps and Bonds will be bought in the ities where the Caravan played than were bought here before. Good Americans, giving their services in a pirit understood and appreciated by all other good Americans, are a guarantee of Victory!

Delight Evans



Bob Hope, master of ceremonies of big Hollywood Victory Caravan show, and Claudette Colbert, one of its twenty-two big stars.

Above, some of the many stars about to leave Hollywood for first stop in series of thirteen one-night stands of America's big cities. See if you can find Claudette, Frank McHugh, Joan Blondell, Charles Boyer, Rise Stevens



The two Joans, Blondell and Bennett, catch their breath between acts. At right, Olivia de Havilland, Misses Blondell and Bennett in uniform for playlet they enacted in the show.



JEANETTE MACDONALD'S MESSAGE TO SOLDIERS' WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS

"Men must fight, and women must WORK!" says Jeanette. "There's no time for weeping in this world today. Wives must stop being the Little Woman, and be women!"

By

Elizabeth Wilson

JEANETTE without Gene," I thought as my car climbed to the top of Bel-Air road, "Jeanette without Gene, that's going to be pretty grim," I sort of aded this visit. And always before I had looked for-d with delight to invitations to the MacRaymonds—n though my poor car invariably strained its guts to ke the grade. (So high on the side of the hill do y live that impetuous young aviators from Lockheed constantly having to resist the urge to fly right ough Jeanette's bedroom window. Some day she's ng to wake up and find a propeller on her dressing-m table.)

Five years ago Gene had brought his red-headed bride his hill-top home, and carried her across the threshold the traditional manner. It was his home—he had ked it out and he had bought it—and he loved it rly, every nook and cranny of it. But he loved his ntry even more. Soon after Pearl Harbor Gene etly volunteered in the Army Air Force and secured luration leave-of-absence from his studio, RKO. A ple of months ago, looking very handsome in his uni-n, he left for a camp back East where he is working his new job as a soldier. And if I w Gene he'll work hard enough for hole regiment of soldiers.

I don't think I'm going to like it e," I thought as I parked in the veway, so sad about it all that for first time I completely forgot to go a rage over the MacRaymond drive ich, I always snarled, "must have n built for scooters, certainly not for s." I couldn't help but recall all the d times and wonderful laughs I'd there with Gene and Jeanette. Like night that the Very Important thor from England asked for tea r dinner, only to be told by the new ler, who was frank if nothing else, adame, there isn't any tea in the se," while Jeanette tried to remem-she was a lady and Gene sputtered awberry mousse on the tablecloth. I alled those gay, chatty Sunday morn-breakfast parties, which followed nette's naïve discovery of the waffle n, and how Gene and Nelson Eddy l John Mack Brown used to pretend y were seized with acute indigestion. d more recently I recalled the fun all had at "Date Leaves"—those ell spend-the-day parties Gene and nette had given every Sunday for the ys in the Army, Navy and Marines. If I were asked to name the ten best sts in Hollywood Gene Raymond's me would head the list. Casual, un-suming, easy, and as friendly as a mper of puppies, Gene was always the rfect host—even to pushing panting s, like myself, up the steep hill from e swimming pool.

No, the old place wouldn't be the ne without Gene. And if I needed nsoling, just think what Jeanette would need. I sank in a chair in the library, and got all set to make with the aphorisms. Soon, Jeanette breezed in from the studio, her grey-green eyes crackling, her cheeks flushed, and looking like a million dollars. If I had expected a long face and misty eyes I was in for a big surprise. Jeanette, without Gene, I decided, wasn't going to be grim after all.

"Well, if it isn't Mrs. First-Lieutenant-Raymond-of-the-Army-Air-Force-Combat-Command," I said. "I read in all the newspapers where you were closing your home and giving up your career for the duration. But I don't see any sheets over the furniture, and that's definitely make-up on your face."

"Now, wasn't *that* silly," said Jeanette. "I don't know how it got in the papers. Why, I haven't the slightest intention of closing the house for the duration. I want to keep Gene's home for him just as it is. When he comes back I want him to find everything the way he left it. Even to the leak in the store room. He'll think about his home constantly while he is away, I know, and when he comes back when the war is over I want him to find everything as he remembers (*Please turn to page 64*)



Jeanette MacDonald, like thousands of other American wives and sweethearts today, sent her man off to war with a smile. Gene Raymond is now a Lieutenant in the Army Air Force Combat Command. Jeanette is now a state director of the American Women's Voluntary Services, and she is also keeping the home fires burning by sticking to her job.



JIMMY *is playing*

NOT so long ago a man stood in the White House, proud and humble, while his President clasped round his neck the ribbon of a special Congressional Medal. No, he wasn't a general or a diplomat or even one of those fabulous airmen this generation has bred. He was a hoofer of another generation named George M. Cohan, and Congress had awarded him the medal for outstanding service to the cause of Americanism.

Because Cohan's a good American, another good American is playing "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Ever since the older actor wrote the story of his life, James Cagney has wanted to do it on the screen—because it's the story of a typical American family like his own, papa, mama and the kids, never mind that they happened to work in show business—and because through its human weave runs the thread of a man's love for his country.

To Cagney and his producer brother Bill, it seemed that "Yankee Doodle Dandy" had something to say to the country. This was in the days before Pearl Harbor, when conflicting opinion confused and divided us. In Cohan's feeling there was no room for division. In the face of threatened danger, there was room only for America and what she (*Continued on page* 58)







Never before has Cagney consented to pose for such photographs as these, taken informally on the "Yankee Doodle Dandy" set at Warner Bros. studio. Here's Jimmy with sister Jeanne and Joan Leslie, above; his wife, right—and the whole Cagney family. Other pictures show Jim in big numbers from great new film.

CAGNEY

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"



By
Ida Zeitlin

Because George M. Cohan is a good American, another good American is portraying him in the patriotic picture of the year—the story of a typical family like yours and mine—and like Jimmy Cagney's. Here's a great feature with "scoop" photos!





HER hair swept across one eye and her name swept across the country. It tickles her that the reason they changed it to Veronica Lake was because they thought Constance Keane, her own name, was too theatrical. She had no trouble getting used to it, though. Her old friends call her Connie, her new friends Ronnie, so there's only a letter to choose between them.

You'd never pick her out of a crowd as a glamor girl. She doesn't look like one, act like one nor aspire to be one—off-screen. There's something almost mouselike about the demure unobtrusiveness of her appearance. The blaze is within.

She's five foot two, weighs less than a hundred pounds despite a flourishing appetite, and looks like a child despite her twenty-two years. In restaurants she's taken for a minor and has to produce identification before she can get a glass of sherry. She wears her hair tucked up or in pigtails, and gets a kick out of people who, coming to gape at the smoldering Lake, drop their jaws and mutter, "What! That infant!"

Only on second glance do you begin to discover the girl on the screen—in the cameo-clear features, the heavy-lidded eyes, the perfectly-built body. She insists that the girl on the screen is a stranger to her, that it makes her feel silly to identify her with herself. Ronnie's hair, for instance, often irritates Connie. She gets an irresistible impulse to reach up and push it away from her eye.

She refuses to play up to her screen reputation—dresses, acts and lives as she pleases, and pleases to do all three simply. She wears jackets and skirts and low-heeled shoes to the studio. Her favorite jacket of the moment is a fringed leather affair she brought back from Tia Juana because it makes her look like Annie Oakley, and she hoped if producer Pop Sherman saw her in it, he'd let her do a "Hopalong Cassidy" picture.

Round the house she wears slacks and blouses—she's firm about the blouses. *Not* sweaters—just sloppy old blouses you can dump into the wash-tub and at least they're fresh. She likes things you can dump into the wash-tub—that's why her summer wardrobe features almost exclusively pinafores and peasant frocks. In pinafore, sandals and pigtails she went shopping with her mother one day. While Mrs. Keane waited for a package, Veronica wandered into the hat department and tried on a couple. "Mustn't play with them, dearie," admonished a saleswoman, then to the approaching Mrs. Keane: "Oh, is that your little girl? Guess she thought she was going to buy mummy a hat."

She can live happy without furs or jewels, hates to see small girls—like herself—drooling with foxes, and prefers a plain cloth coat to what she calls sable-dyed *fish*. The only fur coat she owns is a white baby lamb, peasant style, built for warmth rather than elegance, and bought because mornings are cold in California, especially at five—her rising hour since war put the studios on an eight-to-five schedule.

She thinks every wardrobe should include one really good set of costume jewelry—a heavy piece to wear with plain black, a clip and earrings for other costumes. She once heard a girl say in all good faith to an actress: "What *beau*tiful costume jewelry!" The jewels were real, the actress got sore and Veronica giggled. Since real stuff looks like costume stuff anyway, she argues,

she'd rather have the stuff that looks like what it is.

Makeup for street and evening is the same. Her skin is pale, her brows and lashes fair. So she uses mascara, a brown eyebrow pencil and a pale pink rouge base which she works into the whole cheek to produce the effect of a faint even glow, and lipstick, of course. Lemon in the rinsing water when her hair gets washed, but she swears she'll never bleach it. Long fingernails are another abomination, and she won't use polish. An extra on the "This Gun for Hire" set admired her scarlet-tipped talons. "Mine won't grow," she moaned. "I have to use phony ones."

"What do you think these are?" said Ronnie, and popped one off.

Blue and red are her favorite daytime colors, black for night. She can't stand bare midriffs or necks cut way down, and thinks there's more sex appeal in a body beautifully gowned than in acres of nudity. She hates to see women dressed up like Astor's pet horse and, even for dinner wear, considers nothing so charming as a suit, well and simply cut, over a tailored white shirt.

She can take dancing or leave it alone. Since their marriage a year and a half ago, the young John Detlies have been out night-clubbing just three times. The last time was at Ciro's, to celebrate their first anniversary, and Ronnie's gown caused a sensation—*not* because of its swank. In "Sullivan's Travels" she wore a period costume of black lace, complete with hoops and pantalettes. Her husband loved it.

"Look honey," he said, "next time we go out, would you wear that dress?" So she detached hoops and pantalettes and wore it to Ciro's, oblivious of raised brows. Whatever the gals may have thought, the boys were with John. Photographers clamored for pictures. She hadn't, however, worn the gown for effect. She does as she pleases, and it pleased her to do what John asked.

On the screen she does as she's told. She knows that what's happened to her happens to few. She knows there's a quality in her—call it glamor, the life force, sex appeal, what you like—which the screen projects, which has bowled the public over. On the strength of one picture, Veronica Lake's a name, and her hair is the trademark for that name. Kids all over the country look at the world one-eyed because of her. A dust-mop falls out of a closet, and Red Skelton moos: "Veronica Lake just tumbled into my arms." A cop with imagination stops a motorist, driving by the light of one headlamp. "What're you tryin' to pull? A Veronica Lake?" She knows the value of legend. She wears her hair over one eye a couple of times at least in every picture. She'll be glamor girl, siren, femme fatale—whatever the fans want and the script calls for. Off-screen she's Constance Keane Detlie and can't be bothered.

The whole thing came about through a series of accidents or the finger of fate, depending on your viewpoint. As a kid in her home town of Lake Placid, she never wanted to be anything but a healer, demanded a nurse's uniform on her fourth birthday, hauled home all the damaged birds and beasts in the neighborhood, and did them up in splints. Only child of an artist, she spent much of her time with adults. Dolls left her indifferent. She thought play-acting silly, and never tried out for a school production. The movies were just the movies, but an operating room held magic, and when a doctor friend of her father offered to let her watch an appendectomy, she turned starry-eyed. When (*Please turn to page 62*)

You'd never pick her out of the crowd as a Glam Gal. There's something almost mouselike about her at first glance. BUT—what a blaze within!







"This Gun for Hire" is only Veronica's third picture, but she started setting the screen on fire in "I Wanted Wings" and now there's a real conflagration. Her new film employs her unique appeal and talents as a singer who does a magic act in a night club and catches up with fifth columnists on the side. Veronica learned card tricks from a professional prestidigitator for her role but she positively needed no instruction for her love scenes with Robert Preston, as we think you'll agree if you gaze on scene at right.

By Ida Zeitlin

Exclusive photographs show Tim Holt at home with his wife and baby son. Far left, Tim in love scene with Anne Baxter in "The Magnificent Ambersons," RKO Radio picture.

DON'T BE

THERE are a lot of kids who think they can be happy though married, but who are meeting a good deal of objection to their plans on the grounds that they are too young to know what it's all about. Well, if the case of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Holt is any example, take the leap, kids! If you have the common sense and foundation necessary, youth need be no obstacle. It can be an advantage.





Take the leap, kids—with a big IF! If you are as smart and sensible as the Tim Holts, for example

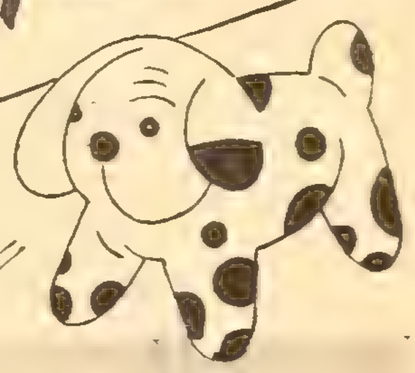
By Jack Holland







AFRAID TO MARRY YOUNG! —SAYS TIM HOLT



"Virginia and I were young when we were married," said Tim, son of the famous Jack Holt, as he was taking a respite from horse operas to do a lead in Orson Welles' (*Please turn to page 80*)





"HER CARDBOARD LOVER"



ROBERT TAYLOR, NORMA SHEARER,
GEORGE SANDERS IN GAY ROMANCE!



? WHICH ONE DOES SHE LOVE?



"Her Cardboard Lover" copyright 1942 by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Cast and credits on Page 86

HE THOUGHT HE LOVED ANDERS, UNTIL OB TAYLOR ARGED INTO IER LIFE! VHAT'S A EAUTIFUL VOMAN TO DO, VHEN SHE :AN'T MAKE UP IER OWN MIND?



ne was having her re-enge at last, in court, lternatively smiling at ony and scowling at erry, waiting for her nance to testify when ony accused Terry of eing a brazen gigolo.

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

EVEN here in Florida where there were no memories to plague her, no shared moments to tantalize and remember, Consuelo couldn't put Tony Barling out of her thoughts. Her love for him was like a sickness, a fever that never ended.

Night after night she went to the Casino Club in her desperate attempt to forget, plunging recklessly at *Chemin de Fer,* trying to make the excitement of gambling take the place of that other excitement. But it didn't help. Nothing helped. Not even the tall, handsome young man with the humorous quirk to his mouth, his eyes so glowing as he stared at her night after night, could break through that armor she had encased about herself.

He was there now as she walked out on the terrace of the club and Terry Trindale felt his heart turning to water as he looked at her. No other girl had been able to do that to Terry, confident young song writer that he was. But this girl was different. She made all the pat phrases he had used in his songs become vital and real. Her eyes so sad, so haunted, were all the things he had ever put to music. Night after night he had come here just to be near her and always there had been that aloofness about her which was like a closed door between them. But tonight Terry had to speak.

"I love you," he said suddenly. He had meant the words to be a whisper but they sounded like a shout, with the pounding of the ocean below echoing the pounding of his heart.

She turned, startled. "You don't believe in long speeches do you?" Her voice sounded as if all life had been drained out of it. "Will you please get out of my way?" And then as he stood there unmoving, "I need only raise my voice and you'll be thrown out on your ear."

"You're not afraid of me, (*Please turn to page 85*)

HEELS I HAVE KNOWN

POSED BY JACK CARSON



DEBONAIR DRIP

He wangles his way into some poor unsuspecting gal's heart with promises of fine jewels and motor cars, but don't believe him, you girls.



WISTFUL WOLF

According to this glorifier of the great national heel, here's an old smoothie who behaves like a kitten until he starts to howl.



HAUGHTY NAUGHTY

This type, says Jack Carson, insists that virtue is its own reward—and then sets out to disprove it. Better hide from him.



JUBILANT JERK

He's so pleased with himself, he never discovers how much he displeases others until it is too late. Isn't he awful?

IN PORTLAND, OREGON, Jack Carson has the distinction of being the most-hated man on the screen.

You see, he married a Portland girl, Kay St. Germain—in August, 1940. The newspapers thereabouts carried big headlines: "Portland Girl Weds Movie Actor." Those headlines made people thereabouts suddenly Carson-conscious. They looked for his name in theater ads and went out of their way to take in those pictures. They wanted to see the Hollywood catch the local girl had made for herself.

"And the more they saw," says Jack wryly, across a luncheon table in Warners' Green Room, "the less they understood how any girl—but especially a Portland girl—could sign up for life with a heel like me. Why, I was the big so-and-so who maltreated Jimmy Cagney all through 'The Strawberry Blonde.'"

Then, in further proof of his reputation, there is that incident that happened the other Thursday night when he and his wife went out to dinner. In the restaurant they selected, there was a line of standees waiting for tables. To kill the waiting time, Jack and his wife went into the cocktail lounge to have a Martini. There, they had hardly sat down, when a gent who was two-and-a-half sheets to the wind wavered over to their table and demanded belligerently, "Aren't you Jack Carson?"

Jack modestly admitted his identity. Whereupon the gent reared back and said, "I thought sho! I wanta tell you shomethin'. If you're anything like you are on the screen, I'm shorry you're a Canadian—'cause I'm a Canadian." And, with that, he swung.

He missed, because Jack ducked. The gent lost his balance and would have parked his face on the floor if Jack hadn't caught him, then invited him to sit down and talk things over. After another drink and fifteen minutes' acquaintance with Carson in person, he said jovially, "I was only kidding before. I knew you *couldn't* be that rotten off the screen."

Commenting on that, Jack confides, "I must say heeling pays off handsomely. But once in a while I get tired of that question: 'Are you really like you are on the screen?' And," he adds, "I'd sort of like to get it across that I'm not Heel Number One. Don't forget Hitler and Hirohito."

In person, Jack has none of that brash, back-slapping heartiness, that phony over-friendliness, that his screen characters are apt to have. He's surprisingly quiet, low-spoken. He's a non-blowhard, with a sense of humor, who knows he isn't homely, but doesn't think he's handsome either. He strikes you as a big (six-feet-two), easy-going good-natured guy, with a strictly normal set of reflexes. He's such a healthy specimen that he doesn't think twice about having oysters and ice cream at the same meal. We can testify to that, personally—now that we've recovered from our consternation, not to mention our awe.

How, under the Hollywood sun, did *he* ever find fame as a heel? It's about time he confessed.

"I didn't plan things this way," he begins diffidently. "I've never been any good about managing my future."

For two or three generations, his family has migrated back and forth across the Canadian border, so that it has always been a toss-up whether the children would be born in Canada or the United States. Jack didn't manage to be born on this side. The stork deposited him in a little town named Carman, Manitoba, 50 miles out of Winnipeg.

His family moved back to the United States when he was about three, and Jack has been here ever since, but technically he's still a Canadian. (*Please turn to page 83*)

CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD HEEL

Who's a heel? Jack Carson, of course, and he makes us like it

By James Reid

But Carson can't always be a heel. Sometimes he even wins the gal, as in "Larceny, Inc.," with Jane Wyman (below).



Mary Ties

Her heart doesn't belong to Daddy now. Mary Martin is devoted to Uncle Sam and like so many other Hollywood stars spends all her spare time studying First Aid



She wouldn't be "Merry" Martin if she lost her sense of humor even in such a serious and worthy cause. Mary practices on her willing victim and protégé from Texas, Marjory Garland.





"FIRST comes the bruise, then comes the sprain, and then comes concuss-shun of thuh brain!" Completely bewildered, I carefully closed Mary Martin's white picket gate and slowly approached the house. What a peculiar song for the My-Heart-Belongs-to-Daddy girl to be singing, I thought. Maybe things weren't so pretty-pretty in the Halliday household. Maybe Mary was plotting a little bludgeoning. With a blunt instrument. Maybe I should warn Dick. "Then comes concuss-shun of thuh brain," Mary gave it the old swingeroo.

But I might have known. Mary, like dozens of other movie stars in Hollywood, like thousands of women all over the United States, was merely studying her First Aid. While her family took to cover.

"Come in, come in," she greeted me gleefully with a fanatical gleam in her eyes. "I'm cramming for my First Aid exam tomorrow. How would you like a fractured upper arm? I don't know that one very well and I'm mighty anxious to learn."

"I'd prefer a double brandy," I whispered painfully. "I'm a fugitive from a First Aid class. Some dope discovered my pressure points last night and I doubt whether I'll ever be able to talk again. My wind-pipe will never be the same. But neither will her groin. Mercy, the house is haunted!" I did a double-take and sank into a chair. "What in heaven's name is *that?*"

The weirdest apparition was stretched out on the floor over near the piano. It was like something you expect to find in a Boris Karloff picture, but certainly not in a movie star's living room. Its head was all done up in a bandage which dipped slightly over one eye—giving the impression of a Lilly Daché turban with a Veronica Lake complex—its arm was in a sling, and its hip was swathed in bandages of unbleached muslin.

"That," announced Mary, "is Marjory Garland. She's from Texas and she goes to First Aid class with me. Honey, is that head bandage too tight?"

Marjory said it wasn't, but I was sure she was lying through her teeth. I know that blue look when I meet

A Bandage

By Liza

These exclusive photographs were taken in Mary's home, between studio work and radio rehearsals. Hollywood women may once have led an easy, luxurious existence, but the war has changed all that.







it out. Marjory is Mary's protégé, I learned later—that is, when she isn't being Mary's First Aid victim. When Mary taught dancing down in Weatherford, Texas, before she became the musical comedy sensation of New York, Marjory was her prize pupil. "Her dancing is perfect," Mary told me with a giggle, "naturally—I taught her. But she also has a very promising voice and a definite talent for dramatics. She's either going to be the next Zorina, the next Jeanette MacDonald, or the next Bette Davis. We haven't decided which." In the meantime, big-hearted Mary (always ready to give a gal a break, even in a First Aid class) is sponsoring her career, and seeing to it that Marjory has vocal and dramatic lessons. Thanks to Mary, Marjory now has a small part in the new Mary Martin-Dick Powell-Rudy Vallee picture at Paramount, called "Happy Go Lucky." Well, if you're a protégé I suppose you have to be nice about being bandaged. Marjory was doing her best to keep tears out of her one exposed eye.

"Now, honey," said Mary to her victim, "I'll just have to try that fractured upper arm bandage on you. 'Place the arm in a normal position bending the right angle at the elbow,'" Mary read from her First Aid text book. "If I hurt you you must yell, like the instructor said, but not too loudly—remember what happened to me the other night in class."

I was curious, of course, and while she was busy with her splint I wormed it out of her. Seems that Mary's instructor told all the "victims" to groan or yell with pain when they were being bandaged if the First Aiders moved an arm or a leg unnecessarily. This would give it the realistic touch. When Mary was being bandaged by Jean Arthur she gave out with a yell so blood-curdling that at least six Bel-Air families quietly retiring for the evening rushed to the telephone to report a murder. Jean said Mary didn't have to be quite so realistic with her yells, and Mary said that Jean didn't have to be so darned realistic with her knots, and a beautiful friendship (Mary and Jean have been best (*Please turn to page 66*)



Cummings with Priscilla Lane in "Saboteur."

HI, STINKY!



Bob with his wife in their own Hollywood backyard.

The strange and stimulating success story of Robert Cummings

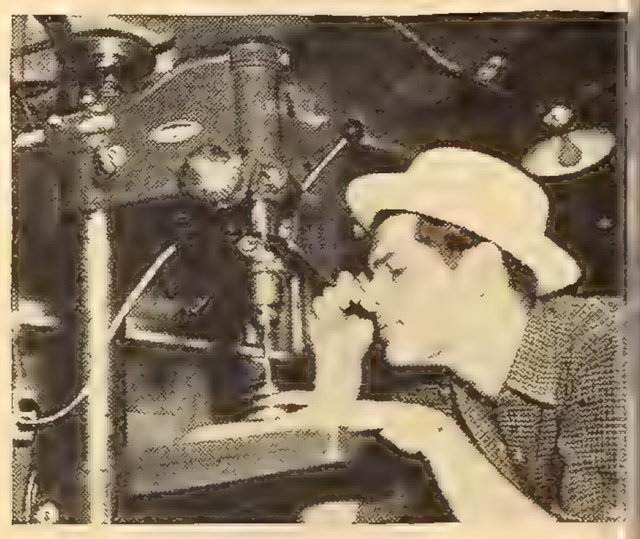


He's a home movie fiend.



With favorite pet, Suzy-Q.





In his carpentry workshop.



He's Capt. in Reserve Air Corps.

By Gladys Hall

JUST to look at Bob Cummings casually, you wouldn't go into a tizzy.

Meeting him for the first time, you would think, here is a personable young man, six feet one inch tall, weight 175 pounds or thereabouts, dark blue eyes, dark brown hair, singularly nice smile, pleasant manners. Athletic type, you'd guess, a flier, perhaps. No perhaps about it! He is a Captain in the Reserve Air Corps. He is, besides, a licensed radio operator with a station in his own ship, radio transmitter and all the blind flying instruments. He not only holds a pilot's license but a pilot's license *with* instructor's rating, the only one of its kind to be held by a private pilot. But you wouldn't, of course, get all this at first meeting. Probably turns in a neat rhumba, you'd sum up, is quick on the uptake—a Good Joe. A small-town boy (Joplin, Missouri, had the honor) who made good.

Who is making *very* good, in fact. For when any young actor is so in demand that he must sub-divide himself like an amoeba and work in three pictures at one and the same time as, while he was making "The Devil and Miss Jones," "Moon Over Miami" and "Kings Row," Bob did—you can bet Hollywood is Cummings-conscious. But acutely.

Directors, from the Borgian Hitchcock to the shrewd discriminating Sam Wood, cry for him. (Hitchcock, wh directed him in "Saboteur," is reported to have sai "Where has he been all my life? Had I known hi before, I would have cast him in all my pictures. Becau he is elastic, pliable. Not a mask, a human being.") Ta trumy movie queens are told "Cummings is to play op posite you" and are pacified.

Moreover, Bob's home lot, Universal, recently pr sented him with star billing, star dressing room, all th trimmings of stardom, including salary. A smart mov because, if they hadn't, five other studios would hav handed him his own ticket to sign.

But it is *how* he made good that is the story. Th story. As unusual a story as I have ever tried to te Because the fact that he is an excellent actor is no enough. We have quite a few talented thespians in Holly wood who are not working in one picture, let alon three at once. Nor can his success be attributed to h good looks which are personable, (*Please turn to page 70*

THE GREAT GARY is the GREAT GEHRIG

Finest photograph of Cooper in his greatest rôle! Lou Gehrig, beloved baseball hero, is honored in Samuel Goldwyn's big new film, "The Pride of the Yankees," in which Bill Dickey, at right with Cooper, appears as himself.



Screen novelty with many famous stars in separate episodes is "Tales of Manhattan" — a picture to watch for!

O
ARLES LAUGHTON,
ORGE SANDERS, and EDWARD G. ROBINSON
PPLY DRAMA





AND
INGER
ROGERS
DISCOVERS
HENRY
FONDA!

Who doesn't look too happy about it. What's the matter, Hank?

20th Century-Fox Film Corp.

WE SALUTE YOU—



CAPT. RONALD REAGAN!



It's Captain Ronald Reagan, U. S. Cavalry, now. Ronnie worked night and day to finish his final picture at Warners, "Desperate Journey," before saying farewell to his mother, to his wife (Jane Wyman) and baby daughter and leaving, with a smile, to serve his country. Movie actor or clerk, truck driver or mechanic, it doesn't matter—all in to win!

Nell Reagan, top facing page, bids her goodbye before he de- for active duty with United States Army. an, a reserve lieuten- n the cavalry, left for Presidio at San Fran- on Sunday, April 19. r pictures show him his wife and their Maureen Elizabeth.



Something new in Summer fun fashions! Laraine Day takes a day off from M-G-M Studios to spend the day at the children's playground. By an odd coincidence, a photographer went along. But isn't she awfully cute?



Play suits from
Saks Fifth Ave.
and
Marjorie Montgomery



LARAINE DA

Laraine didn't miss a thing, and neither did the cameraman. Aren't these angles something? (To say nothing of the curves.) Ferris wheel, merry-go-round, kiddie train provide novel background for Laraine.

Laraine Day is one of the 24 young players being groomed for stardom by M-G-M

et's Play Clothes



ATTEN-SHUN!

Private Burgess Meredith

Before his induction into the Army, popular "Buzz" Meredith made a thriller for Paramount, "The Black Curtain," opposite Claire Trevor (left). Good work!



Columbia Pictures

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT!

And it's right here — in Claire Trevor's shimmering hair, in her feathered friend's golden voice. The title of a recent Trevor picture is "The Gentlemen Misbehave" — who'd blame 'em?

Sand Sirens

Those sad sea waves aren't sad any more, for obvious reasons. When these beauties in their trim swim and play suits are cavorting, there can be no gloom under the sun. Marie MacDonald, at left and top left facing page; Elaine Morey, above; and Jane Frazee who is featured in the three other pictures are all Universal starlets, all wearing Catalina suits.

Photos by Ray Jones



DAZZLING!

Lovely Fay McKenzie, who won recognition in Westerns, steps into a serious rôle in Republic's "Remember Pearl Harbor"

DASHING!

Handsome Robert Stack plays the leading rôle opposite Diana Barrymore in Walter Wanger's exciting "Eagle Squadron"

Universal





TAKING IT EASY!

t's more important than ever to make very rare moment of relaxation count! Carole Landis, who is not only a hard-working movie actress but also a patriotic citizen — she is a Commander of the First Division, Aerial Nurses Corps of America, and Storekeeper Third Class n Bundles for Blue-Jackets Campaign work — prefers sun-bathing to keep fit. Virginia Gilmore and Janice Carter, facing page, like to loll. John Payne and Jean Gabin agree with the girls.



M-G-M

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

John Garfield and Hedy Lamarr in "Tortilla Flat"





Pidgeon's latest movie is "Mrs. Miniver," opposite Greer Garson (above). Portrait at left shows him in uniform for the rôle.

"I don't take myself seriously," says Walter Pidgeon, and proves it in this forthright exclusive interview

By Charles Darnton

HE'S NO EXHIBITIONIST

IF, IN these expansive times, there ever should be needed a colossus astride the Detroit River from Windsor, Ont., to the Ford capital, my man for the job would be that stalwart, upstanding son of the Dominion, Walter Pidgeon. The only possible drawback to this otherwise perfect choice for a faintly spectacular stretch of work is his ingrained sense of modesty.

Though an actor, and a fine one, Mr. Pidgeon has in his altogether likable make-up nothing of the exhibitionist. Perish the thought! Of this I became duly aware in my first attempt to get him to talk of himself. It happened at lunch in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary, and for three-quarters of an hour that's precisely all that *did* happen. Not that my gracious host emulated the clam on his plate. Far from silent, he was ready and willing to discuss at length anything—that is, anything aside from himself—that came along.

And so it was that he instantly and adroitly seized upon the vintage suit I was wearing. When did I get it? He listened raptly, as one fascinated, to my moody confession of the far-distant date. Really! Then he pressed me, not unlike an iron-heated tailor, to tell him more. Well, well, think of that! With the awe that one touches an ancient relic, he felt the cloth of my coat, his fingers gentle in their respect for age. When the subject had been worn threadbare as the suit itself, I caught him glancing hopefully down at my feet. Fearful, I shuvell them farther under the table, realizing that if once this roving conversationalist started on my antique shoes he would be sure to make them go a long way.

Smiling up at our pleasant-faced waitress as she turned to whisk kitchenward, Mr. Pidgeon now was moved to speak feelingly of the devoted and unselfish ministrations of womankind in general. And that recalled the experience of a good old pal of his, a hearty sea captain who had gone to a recreation center in quest of simple shore diversion. For information concerning its inner pleasures, the jolly seadog sought out one of the dutiful hostesses who, happily, chanced to be a beauteous blonde. But at his first inquiry, the poor dear (*Please turn to page 78*)



Your GUIDE *at a* GLANCE

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"TORTILLA FLAT"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

MAGNIFICENT!

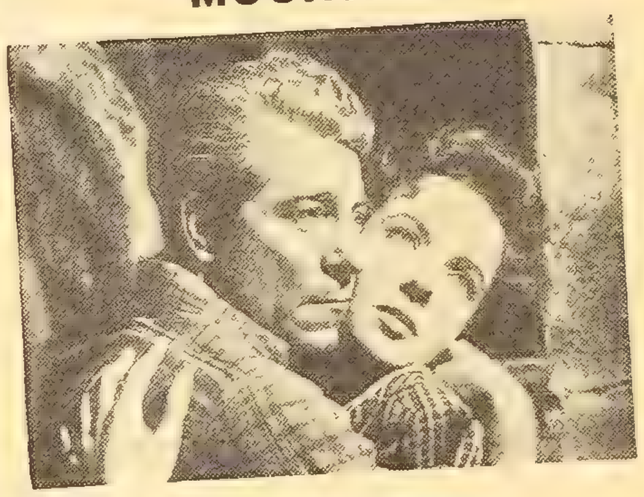
APPEAL: Even if you never read John Steinbeck's great story you must see the picture, for it is the cinema masterpiece of the month.

PLOT: Steinbeck's human and moving account of the vagabonds of Monterey, California, known as the paisanos. They are rogues and idlers but curiously childlike and lovable, and for all their thieving and drinking they have a wholesome respect for religion and the wonders of nature. There is no "plot" as such, for which be thankful in a screen month crawling with story complications—just the simple account of the paisanos' adventures from day to day, *Pilon*, *Danny*, *Pablo*, the hermit, and all of them, and they all ring true.

ACTING: Best of the month by far, with Spencer Tracy's engaging portrayal of the quick-witted leader, *Pilon*, John Garfield's sturdy performance as *Danny*, and Frank Morgan's incredibly moving characterization of the old hermit—you can't believe your eyes when you see the wisecracking Frank transformed into a holy hermit, but his scene of prayer under the big trees will convince you that Morgan is far more than a deft comedian; he is pretty nearly a great actor. Hedy Lamarr is no passive beauty as *Danny*'s girl but a fiery human being.

M-G-M

"MOONTIDE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

PONDEROUS!

APPEAL: If you saw Jean Gabin's French movies, or if you're curious to see the Gallic panic for the first time, you'd better catch this.

PLOT: Just a background for M. Gabin's virile personality and picturesque talents; a smart movie fan could easily write the rest after watching the first few scenes, it's that obvious. As vague and misty as the arty photography, the sluggish story creeps along recounting the adventures of *Bobo*, a hard-drinking, hard-hitting dock-hand who is reformed by the devotion of a waif he rescues from drowning and ends up as the peaceful proprietor of a bait-barge. There are one or two powerful interludes but for the most part it is a disappointing vehicle for a noted actor.

ACTING: Whenever possible Gabin takes possession of the scene, and then his great magnetism dominates the dull story, and American audiences, particularly the distaff side, will not question 20th Century-Fox's acumen in importing this male charmer. One love scene alone will be worth their admission money. Ida Lupino is an undoubted aid as the hash-slinger who captures the Frenchman's fancy with her haunting sweetness; Thomas Mitchell is the month's most sinister villain as the false friend, and Claude Rains is fine in a weird rôle which might easily have turned to comedy in less skilled hands.

20th Century-Fox

"IN THIS OUR LIFE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

DEPRESSING!

APPEAL: Well, if you want your Bette Davis at her most menacing and neurotic, wading through great gobs of gloom, you can have her here.

PLOT: One of those to make audiences ask, "Who picked this?" Doubtful entertainment value for these times is the story of two sisters, one good, one bad, and the havoc wrought by the baddie when she breaks her fiance's heart by stealing sister's husband, causes his suicide, tries to win her old beau back, and comes to inevitable grief after her car kills a woman and child by reckless driving. Believe it or not. We all know the wages of sin is death but this picture seems a gruesome and unnecessary reminder.

ACTING: What a waste of Miss Davis' fine talents, not that she doesn't do a good job of making you loathe the bad sister, but the result is simply that Olivia de Havilland emerges as star of the picture in the sympathetic rôle. It's simply another stunt for Bette Davis, but it's a real opportunity for Olivia and she makes the most of it. The two bewildered leading men of the piece, George Brent and Dennis Morgan, do all they possibly can to make their parts believable, but they are fighting a losing battle and seem to know it.

Warner Bros.

to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

I Delight Guide

"MY GAL SAL"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GAY!

APPEAL: If you crave an enchanting escape from today's troubles, it's right here—AND with Rita Hayworth all in Technicolor, too—whee!

PLOT: Based on the career of the late Paul Dresser, favorite ballad-writer of a past generation, whose *On the Banks of the Wabash* became an American classic. And quite a career he had, too—as written here from a biography by Paul's brother, the famous novelist Theodore Dreiser, it takes him from travelling medicine shows to Manhattan where he becomes a figure in the theatrical whirl and writes many hits for one *Sally Elliott*, musical comedy star and toast of the town. Tunes you'll be humming are *My Gal Sal*, by Dresser himself, and two new ones, *Here You Are* and *Me and My Fella*.

ACTING: It is Miss Hayworth's picture, and deservedly, for she is a vision in color and the gorgeous costumes of the Gay Nineties which fit her shapely chassis like the proverbial glove. One siren with sweetness, she has an innate dignity which makes friends of the women in the audience—not that Rita needs any more friends with the soldiers and sailors rooting for her as their favorite dream. Victor Mature is surprisingly good as the song-writing hero, and the star-studded cast includes Carole Landis, James Gleason, John Sutton, Walter Catlett, Mona Maris.

20th Century-Fox

"THE GOLD RUSH"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
CLASSIC!

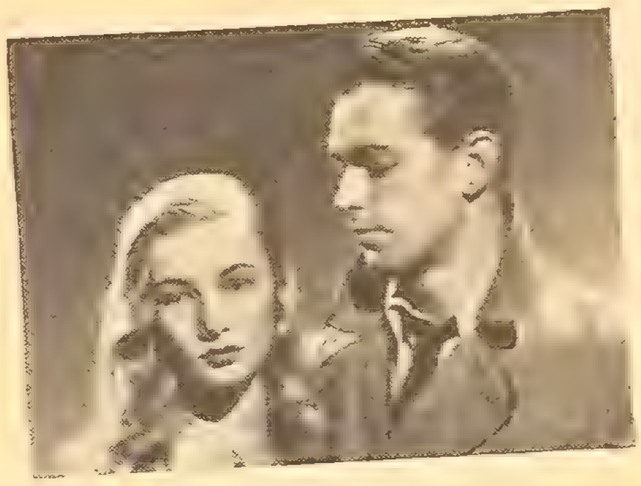
APPEAL: To everyone, young or old, who enjoys a good hearty laugh—but especially to those lucky kids who are seeing the great Chaplin for the first time.

PLOT: Charlie's classic story of "the little fellow" who goes prospecting in the far North and his comic misadventures with bears and brutes and a beautiful dance-hall girl—freshly cut and edited and scored with imaginative music, and best treat of all, with commentary by the great man himself, really witty chat that keeps pace with the hilarious action. Unforgettable comedy and pathos, especially the scenes of the Thanksgiving dinner of the boiled shoe and the pathetic New Year's Eve party that didn't happen.

ACTING: Chaplin doesn't date, not this "little fellow" you see here, for he is the real Chaplin, not the sophisticated performer of "The Great Dictator." The other performers are definitely old-style comics, but Charlie's art is as modern as tomorrow and as mellow as yesterday, and audiences accustomed to Bob Hope will take the immortal tramp to their hearts and will be hoping that he bring back his other outstanding pictures with music and his own clever dialogue. Who wouldn't want to see "The Circus" and "Modern Times" again?

Chaplin-United Artists

"THIS GUN FOR HIRE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
EXCITING!

APPEAL: If you like lusty melodrama and Veronica Lake, and want to welcome the new find, Alan Ladd, you'll have a good time at this one.

PLOT: All about a ruthless killer called *Raven* and how he got that way—and how eventually he atones by catching up with some fifth columnists and letting 'em have it. He also catches up with Veronica Lake which makes for some swell scenes. There's plenty of excitement, most of it authenic, until the final scenes, which smack too strongly of serial stuff to belong in this Class-A thriller. But you'll be on the edge of your seat through most of the fast and furious action.

ACTING: Though Veronica Lake does her best acting so far, ironically enough it is newcomer Alan Ladd who steals the show with his bitter charm and excellent under-playing of a difficult rôle. He has you feeling sorry for his character of killer against your better judgment, and you won't forget *Raven* in a hurry. Laird Cregar commits his first screen sin of bad over-acting in a rôle that was flamboyant to begin with, so you may cringe as the huge guy gives with the gestures. Robert Preston is distinctly likeable as the lucky guy who wins the Lake lady.

Paramount

Hollywood's Finest Friendship



George plays gin-rummy with Harold Ramer, on the patio of the new Tobias home, Rancho Rosario. Hollywood's best friends, yes, but they don't trust each other at cards—just look at those two silver-mounted guns. Left below, George and Harold at supper. Below, George, man of all work, making his bed before leaving for the studio. The small picture at bottom of the page shows Harold before his polo accident.



Exclusive home photographs of George Tobias by Schuyler Crail, Warner Bros.



THIS is not a publicity yarn, but one of the few real, heart-warming stories Hollywood has to offer. Until now it could not be told. For two years it has been carefully guarded, known only to few.

For its interest does not concern the flaming romance of a Lana Turner nor an Errol Flynn, nor any one of the glamor-and-glitter set. Instead, it records the genuine sincerity and unselfishness of a man for a friend.

While Hollywood is generosity itself with money for charitable causes, it rarely gives of itself individually. This man, though an actor, did. In some way he managed to keep his real-life rôle of benefactor a secret. But now it can be revealed.

"Say, that's pretty tough keeping your leg strapped up to your hip," George Tobias remarked to Harold Ramer. Both were working in the picture, "Hunchback of Notre Dame." It had been years since they'd met. George, having scored in the Broadway play "You Can't Take It With You," had answered Hollywood's summons. Harold had been playing bits in pictures. Now, he was playing a one-legged beggar in the Laughton film. Still pale, only recently he'd been released from the hospital.

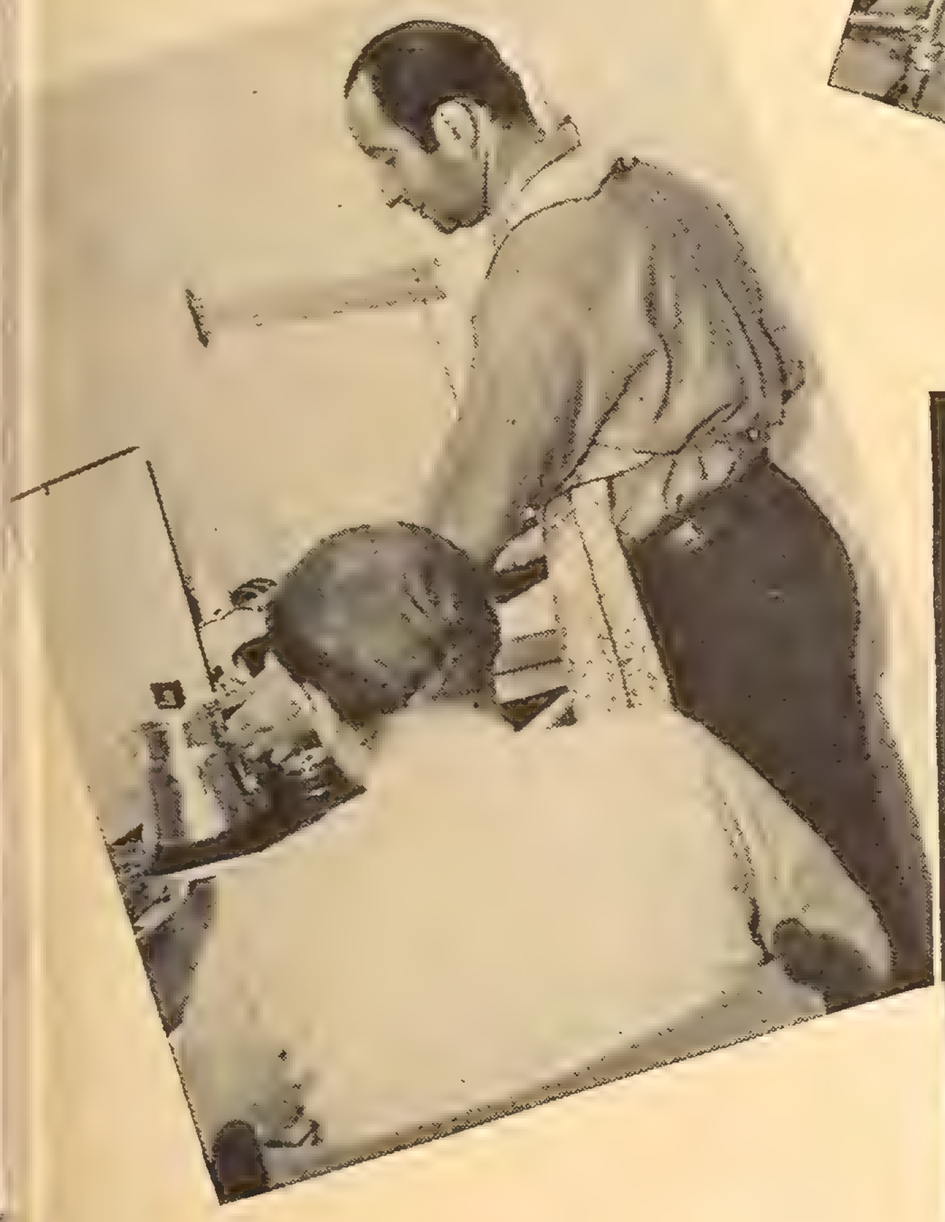
"The leg is gone, George," Harold said quietly. "But don't mention it to anyone. I'm trying hard to keep it from getting back to Mother. The doctor says the other

You know George Tobias as one of the screen's great character actors, but you don't know him as the fine man and "friend in need" revealed for the first time in this amazing story

By May Mann



George is "chief cook and bottle washer"—below, making breakfast for himself and Harold. He's a he-man who really enjoys cooking, and his coffee is something. George is the perfect host; strictly bachelor quarters, his home welcomes guests whom he regales with stage and screen reminiscences. Note his radio phonograph, right, and his collection of 4,000 records.





may have to come off, too."

"Gee, you poor kid," George gasped, his face lining with immediate concern. "How did it happen? Who's taking care of you?"

Bit by bit Harold related the story. Right from the beginning.

Harold had been impressed with the stage when he had first met George at a rehearsal at the Eltinge Theater in New York. George was eighteen, the son of a well-known Yiddish theatrical team. Born on the East Side, the melting pot of the world, he'd picked up many dialects. In fact, he was expert at speaking anything from Greek to Eskimo. Harold, a lad of fourteen, was the son of a shoe merchant on Long Island. George's rôle of "the ape" in Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape" had fascinated Harold. (*Please turn to page 76*)

Ladies of Tomorrow

By Courtenay Marvin



Geraldine Fitzgerald, Dublin's gift to Hollywood, has auburn hair, deep jade eyes, a fine capacity for dramatic acting, and a small son named Michael.

Musings on tomorrow, for which the beauty and fashion outlook holds high hope. Replacements may mean great improvement

IT WAS cocktail and tea time in the Hotel Algonquin, New York. Here, the teapot still holds equal prestige with the cocktail shaker, and a portly table, laden with a silver tea service, had just been rolled onto the scene. Snug in a loveseat, I watched the crowd of that fascinating lobby, interesting looking young men and interesting looking older women, and chic and lovely looking younger women and important looking men and now and then an uniform. I was wondering how Geraldine Fitzgerald would look when she came, because she was the reason I was there. She came, a swift moving, lithe young figure, a sports coat tossed over a simple black dress, her auburn hair hanging in a half-curl, half-longish manner, with only an amazing wealth of vitality and expressiveness in her eyes to indicate that approaching was one of the star hopes for the American screen.

Miss Fitzgerald suggested tea, and with it came generous slices of bread and butter. It was good and comforting, and we sat and talked—not of Hollywood and the latest hair-do, but of the momentous changes that are sweeping us all toward a morrow that promises to be very different from today. Her viewpoint was reassuring; we will all rise to this great occasion. Of course, we will, but it is comforting to be told this again by one who, until 1938, had spent her time in Ireland and England. I was fascinated by Miss Fitzgerald's voice, beautifully modulated, perfectly enunciated words, yet so natural and unaffected. Mentally, I resolved to overcome a tendency to too rapid speech. I am sure that it would benefit many at this point to pause and ask: "Just how do I sound to others?" There are voices that have a lift and a life, a vitality that is like a tonic. For some reason, these girls are usually popular, though many would never rate in a beauty contest. To you who are secretaries and private switchboard operators or who, in fact, meet the public in any way, the tone and spirit of your telephone or face-to-face voice tells worlds about you and those you represent. And never forget that many a man has fallen in love with a voice.

War was coming home to the American girls materially (of course, it had already come emotionally) when I talked with Miss Fitzgerald. Here is a good place to assure you that Geraldine Fitzgerald is her name by right, not a stage or screen name. The WPB edicts to the women's garment industry had gone forth. "Narrow skirts will not be good for me because of my hips," said Miss Fitzgerald. I thought she was too critical of herself there. Her hips looked good and slim to me. There is often the silver lining to the darkest clouds, if you look hard enough for it. We agreed on that. So—I see through my magic crystal—plenty of girls with frankly too much hip and too much leg getting each of these important appurtenances in better shape for the patriotic silhouette. Maybe your new, high-geared life will do it for you. Maybe with no time on your hands, hips and legs will naturally reap a reward in slimness for your personal all-out effort in whatever you can do. If not, write to me and I will make suggestions for slimming these areas. Certainly, however, continued short skirts are going to teach us to take better care of our legs in the way of grooming. An effective depilatory is a "must" for many; and for those who go stockingless, and you certainly can and be in good taste now with the sheer stocking situation what it is, a leg make-up is very much in order.

Miss Fitzgerald's beautiful hair, which she prefers to wear coiling naturally and casually about her shoulders, has a slight curl, giving it a sculptured quality. She prefers not to have it coiffed but rather to wear it in

ıple manner. The mention of hair brings a subject that may have caused some you alarm. This is the fact that many manent wave methods use metal, both the machines and gadgets. With war, word, metal, is rapidly falling into the cious classifications of diamonds, only preciousness is gauged in terms of great l sweeping results. However, let me say t from my periscope as yet I see no d for consumer concern for the perma-ıt. One company has already announced t wooden gadgets will replace metal :s, and I believe that this industry, like ny others in the beauty field, will solve problem happily for all. Other interest- instances of the happy solution are to found in most attractive and lightweight stic lipstick containers to replace the mer metal ones. If plastic becomes too :cious, then we may have cunning oden or paper ones. I have a paper one ore me now, done so firmly and attrac-ely and lightly, that I think it is even re convenient to handle than a heavier tal one. A new cream cologne says that precious alcohol is used in it. The result a fine cologne more like a lotion and ecially agreeable to sensitive skin. Far m concern, those of us who need and nt our beauty, and this seems to exclude one, should feel that in spite of change, future holds many better developments l products than we have hitherto known. Looking at Miss Fitzgerald, an interest- color study in amber, jade and emerald, her green eyes have changing lights, hough that she, herself, was a vital ex-ple of successful change. From the stage l screen of her own country, she came us. Her supporting rôles in a number fine pictures have gained acclaim from tics. She has certainly adjusted herself our ways and seems to like them, and s also acquired a very precious posses-n in her small son, Michael. "So far, has been so good to us," she said. "He s never caused us any trouble." As a man slant, there is one point on which Hollywood seems to break and become st a piece of simple, every-day humanity children. Glamorous Joan Blondell, Mau-en O'Sullivan, Brenda Marshall, and so . In spite of being stars, they are also st mothers.

In talking about her most recent picture, The Gay Sisters," Miss Fitzgerald told e she thoroughly enjoyed the rôle she ays. "I play the part of a really bad rl," she told me, and she confessed that contrast to her personal well-ordered e such a rôle is refreshing and enjoyable. Personally, Miss Fitzgerald cannot recon-le her physical appearance with her tastes. ıe says she likes to wear black, prefers ırk make-up, is emotional and moody, ıd so she feels she must have a brunette ersonality in spite of the auburn hair and ıde eyes. This brings up the pleasant fact ıat your personality and physical appear-ıce don't have to match. Indeed, one of ıe nicest things about humanity is the ırprise element—illustrated by such com-ents as, "I never knew you were like ıat," or "I never thought you could." It a little trick, though you can hardly aster it consciously, of being interesting the girls and alluring to the boys.

Miss Fitzgerald left me with the feeling ıat today, especially, all is change, but ot necessarily unhappy. Perhaps if many f us could look toward tomorrow with ıe same care and interest we experience ı contemplating a new wardrobe, a vaca-on or a new beau, we might put into oday, and today is really very important, more generous spirit and our most pleas-nt personality, an infallible method for oth getting and giving to the utmost. We eed this for ourselves, and for others.

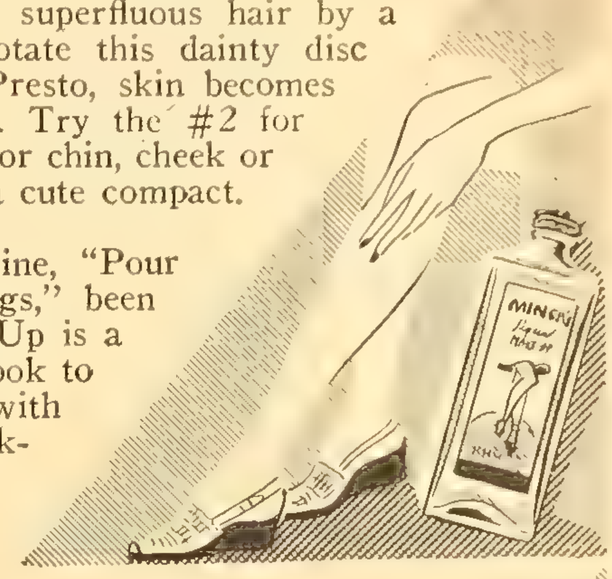
Yours for Loveliness

War is a challenge to manufacturers—to keep us lovely, to save needed materials. See the results!



NYLON is needed for war, but lovely legs are always lovely legs! So—grooming becomes most important. Lechler's Velva-Tize removes superfluous hair by a nice, neat method. Rotate this dainty disc over the hirsute area. Presto, skin becomes hairless, smooth and soft. Try the #2 for legs and arms, and the #1 for chin, cheek or upper lip embarrassment. In a cute compact.

NEVER has Miner's famous line, "Pour yourself a pair of stockings," been more apropos. Miner's Liquid Make-Up is a glamor finish to add a truly silk-like look to stockingless legs. Simply smooth it on with fingers or rubber sponge. Two smart stocking shades, Rose Beige and Golden Mist, as well as usual tones for face make-up.





IT IS estimated that one million girls will receive engagement diamonds this year! The name, Keepsake, is synonymous with perfect, precious diamonds, and diamonds are a real investment, you know. Two exquisite ensembles are shown. The Keepsake rings use these rare and flawless stones in distinctive and beautiful designs, enduring quality for enduring sentiment. True treasures.

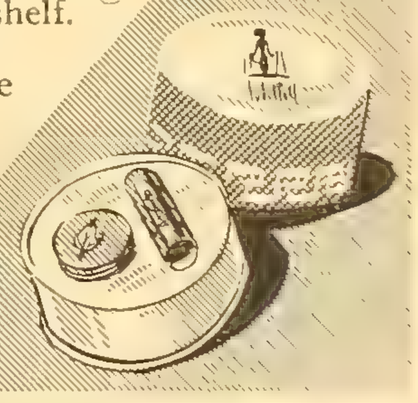
RUN, don't walk, to your favorite shop if you want the scoop in values for the month—Revlon's "Special Delivery." With all the earmarks of an Uncle Sam delivery, Revlon's delivery holds normal sizes of nail enamel; oily remover; Adheron, a fine base-coat, and lipstick in Victory case of glazed cardboard, light-weight, lovely. All for $1.





DON'T break a date because of a bump. Hide it with Hide-It, and I'm not being funny. Hide-It is a real emergency aid, a skin-tone cream that is water-proof and won't rub off. It will disguise birth-marks, scars, bumps, freckles and skin discoloration. Simply blend it over the offender and nobody knows. It is mild and pure, and ought to be on every modern beauty shelf.

HOW to be beautiful and buy bonds at the same time is simple arithmetic. For Woodbury has put a most generous supply of fine face powder, a compact of dry rouge and a lovely lipstick altogether for $1. The tones are harmonized in five basic types, so you avoid errors there. This is a fine example of pretty, practical, good-sense economy.





EVERY Summer, Dorothy Gray's Sunburn Cream takes a bow on this page, because it seems matchless as a sun-filtering agent. *How much* and *how often* you apply determine whether you remain practically lily fair or tan as you like. It is fragrant, greaseless, quickly disappears, and a joy to use. A welcome help for the real burners.

THE Hudnut people have done us a good deed. To save precious metal, and your money, also, the superb DuBarry lipstick cases now have refillers for $.50 each. Remember that handsome case? Hold onto yours, and replenish with the refillers, illustrated. There are thirteen different shades, and they are so simple to adjust to your case. Help Uncle Sam and yourself! Courtenay Marvin.





How To Balance The Budget, as portrayed by William Holden and Frances Dee in "Meet the Stewarts," a Columbia comedy. "I'm not made of money!" says the newlywed husband.

Why Jimmy Cagney is Playing "Yankee Doodle Dandy"

Continued from page 22

stood for, including all peoples who stood for the same thing. Jimmy wanted to crystallize that feeling in a picture.

It's over two years since the idea was first broached. No one could foresee that war would be declared a week after they started shooting. On the Monday following Pearl Harbor Mike Curtiz, the director, had a radio brought in. Mike's a naturalized citizen, with a violent hatred of the militaristic system under which he was reared in Hungary. There's no better American patriot, says Mike, than the foreigner who knows the other side of the picture. To him, the flag and the President are sacred. An emotional guy, he makes no attempt to hide his emotion about either.

Ten minutes before the President's scheduled address, he stopped shooting, and got them all into chairs around the radio to hear Franklin Roosevelt declare war on Japan. The few fateful words over, they stood up to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner,* then went quietly back to work. But with a difference. As Rosemary DeCamp put it: "We'd been just a bunch of miscellaneous people. Now it was as if something terribly big—bigger than we could conceive just at first—had tied us all together into one."

There had been heavy studio bidding for the story. Cohan sold it to Warners because they had Cagney under contract. Cagney had been a hoofer like himself. He had the same kind of drive and vitality. George had never met Jim but one day he bumped into Ed McNamara at the Lambs Club. "Say, Ed, what kind of a guy is t fellow Cagney?"

Asking McNamara what he thinks Cagney is like asking a bear what thinks of honey. Cohan interrupted flow. "I just wanted to make sure."

"What about?"

"That if anyone's going to do my life the screen, he's the one to do it."

He insisted on having it written into contract. To make himself believable in rôle, Cagney avoided impossibilities. doesn't try to imitate Cohan but only put across his highly individualized m nerisms in song and dance. They Johnny Boyle, who used to work w George M., to coach him. In the proc Boyle cracked his ankle, and for th weeks tapped out the routines for Jim with his hands.

Another clause in the contract stipula that Cohan must put the stamp of appro on those who played members of his fa ily. The four Cohans were an Ameri institution, beloved by several generati of playgoers. They were also a mut adoration society. In casting, Bill Cag and Curtiz had to consider their relat to the public and to one another. T had to find actors whom Cohan would l whom audiences would like and who'd each other.

Walter Huston, with a personality forceful as Cagney's, was a natural as father, whom his son called a gentler and a hoofer. Like Cagney, Huston trained in vaudeville and knows the of show business, as distinguished from theater. What's more, people love him e when he plays the devil. And he's bee friend of George Cohan's for years.

It started with Cohan's production "Elmer the Great." He wanted Huston the part, they talked it over at his h one afternoon and agreed to meet for lu next day to sign the contracts. Cohan for a bottle of champagne, then anot and at seven next morning they were matching reminiscences.

"Silly to meet for lunch," said Geo "Let's settle it now. What's your salar

"Seven fifty."

"I'll give you a thousand." They sh hands on it. No further mention was m of contracts.

The show proved a tremendous hit, Cohan started avoiding Huston. "Wh the matter with the guy?" Walter as the stage manager. "He acts as if thought I was going to hit him."

"Probably does. For a raise. It's tomary, you know, with a big hit, un there's a run-of-the-show contract."



This looks like the end of the honeymoon. He isn't made of money—and she isn't made of sugar 'n' spice 'n' everything nice.



"How can I live on a budget? You eat too much! And why did yo throw out that cake I baked last week?" Frances is mad no



The bride solves everything by tossing the bills into hubby's face. So far as she's concerned, that balances the budget.



Balancing the budget is a simple procedure compared with trying to break the ice when neither knows exactly how to apologize.

So Huston waylaid his producer. "Look, said I'd play this at a thousand and that's w I'm playing it. Now quit ducking out me, will you?"

It was the beginning of a close friendip which has lasted through the years. hortly before "Yankee Doodle" went into oduction, Huston was in New York and opped in to see his old friend who'd been avely ill. He was announced and asked wait. Presently out of his bedroom alked George M. Cohan, topcoated, hat er one eye, cane under arm. "Glad you ught me, Walter. Just going out for my alk."

He didn't seem averse to foregoing his alk. Huston wondered but asked no quesons. Later Cohan saw him to the elevator, nd it was the elevator man who confirmed s suspicion. "Nice to see Mr. Cohan all essed. It's been a long time."

Rosemary DeCamp says she was picked s the mother because they wanted somene maternal, as the pregnant woman in Hold Back the Dawn," she'd looked maernal. Bill Cagney and Curtiz tell another tory. They needed a woman who could e thirty with dignity and sixty with grace, hose acting ability was such that she ouldn't be thrown in the shade by Cagney nd Huston. They tested twelve, but sent nly the DeCamp test to Cohan, who romptly okayed it. Curtiz calls her the nost brilliant character actress in films. Even more than by her technique, Bill Cagey was impressed by her feeling. "Without aying a word, just listening to other actors alk, she projects warmth and charm." The otion of playing Cohan's mother scared er at first, he seemed kind of an old man, ut they comforted her with assurance that he'd die before he grew too old.

Then there was Josie, the sister, who ied in her thirties. George worshipped her. A superb dancer, she might have been a tar in her own right but couldn't be persuaded to leave the family act. "There was never anyone like Josie." That was her brother's final word on her in his book.

As he felt about Josie, so Jim Cagney feels about his sister Jeanne—the same consuming affection, the same gratitude to her for never having disappointed him. Curtiz was aware of this. Reading the scenes between brother and sister in the script, he kept visualizing Jeanne's sensitive face as he'd seen it in a couple of Paramount pictures. "How could we go wrong," he demanded of Bill, "if we took her? The love between them would have to come through."

At first Bill demurred. He'd feel silly selling his whole family to the film. Curtiz overrode that objection. Why discard her just because she was Jim's sister? At least let her be tested.

Fred Niblo, Josie's son, works on the Warner lot. "I don't mean to butt in," he'd said. "But please be careful whom you choose as my mother!" So before mentioning the possibility to Jeanne, Bill sent pictures to Cohan and Niblo. "Perfect," Cohan wired, "if she can act the way she looks." Niblo dropped in at Bill's office. "You didn't have to send me your sister's picture. I've seen her on the lot. I've heard the way people talk about her. I'd like a girl like that to play my mother."

Then Bill called Jeanne. "Why don't you come in and test for Josie?" Came a gasp and silence, so he went on talking till from the other end of the phone he got a faint "All right."

Jeanne wrote Jim, who was at Martha's Vineyard, all about it. The news probably gave him as much pleasure as he's ever



But, as you suspected they would, they make up and Bill's budget-balancing days are over; so are Frances' baking efforts. The quarrel is forgotten—and The Honeymoon's On Again.



Joan Leslie and Jeanne Cagney are like the proverbial mailman who walks on his day off. They visit the "Yankee Doodle Dandy" set even when they're not needed in scenes with star Jimmy Cagney. Jimmy says there's no such thing as a personal call when they're around.

known. But the Cagney boys are casual on the surface. "Good!" he wrote back.

She read everything about Josie she could lay her hands on. She practiced dance steps five hours a day. When Jim got back, he said: "Look, honey, now you're *really* going to work." That made her snicker. Doing routines with Jimmy till she dropped was her idea of a holiday.

Joan Leslie plays Jimmy's wife and is called Mary, after *Mary Is a Grand Old Name*. Married twice, neither of Cohan's wives was Mary. The character Joan plays is largely fictional.

She was about to be loaned to Paramount for "Holiday Inn" with Crosby and Astaire, when some bright mind at Warners yelled: "Hey, wait a minute. If she's good enough to sing and dance for them, why not for us?" Being crazy to do the Paramount picture, she was disappointed since they wouldn't say what they were testing her for. "Nothing special. Just running off a little song number."

After days of this she pleaded, "Look, I can't stand it any more. Just give me a hint—"

"Well, suppose you go hint to Mr. Cagney that you'd like to start rehearsing with him tomorrow—" She went, squealing.

Curtiz set out with what he considered the perfect cast. More unusual, he finished, feeling the same way. Jeanne's first scene was with Jimmy. In the wings of a theater, he kisses her and says: "Lay 'em in the aisles, Josie." This enchanted Mike, this was what he'd wanted—a real sister going into her first scene, a real brother wishing her luck.

Then there was the affecting sequence in which Josie tells George she's going to be married. Brother and sister ran through the lines, not daring to look at each other. "Because it's dreadful," said Jeanne, "to watch somebody crying." The fact that they *were* brother and sister, that a similar situation might quite conceivably arise between them, gave it added poignancy. As they played it, Mike's Hungarian tears fell. The script girl choked back her sniffs through the dialogue, and let go in the pauses.

On the set an atmosphere of warmth prevailed. As planned, Bill and Curtiz had picked people who took to one another. Richard Whorf played Sam E. Harris—a good but not a long part. Cagney kept nagging them to build it up. For the picture's sake. "You've got an *actor* there. Why not use him?" Huston and Rosemary, ranch owners both, spent hours discussing the merits and costs of assorted fertilizers. Joan tabulated Cagney's winks. "An authority on winks," she called him. "Every time he sees you, he winks at you a different way." When a line didn't read right, she'd turn to him.

"There's something funny about it."

"I know what you mean." And he'd ask Mr. Curtiz to change it, so she wouldn't have to. Still a schoolgirl, she ages to fifty in the picture. It was a little startling to see the teacher haul off a woman, clothed in gray hairs and dignity, to her algebra lesson.

She and Jeanne talked their own language. Instead of hello, they'd greet each other with what was known as their hysterical step—the beginning of one of their dance routines. Jimmy called them the hags. He'd introduce Jeanne to people as his mother.

One day he kissed his hand to her as he left the set.

"Is he going home?" someone asked.

"No," she laughed, soft-voiced like her brother. "That kind of kiss means, I'll be wandering round. For going home, the goodbyes are more elaborate."

It was nice to see Jim's expression o pride in her—his grin of encouragemen when she fluffed a line. Together all da they'd phone each other like kids the min ute they got home, to hash over the day' doings. Jeanne hated not being on cal cooked up excuses to visit the set and ge a crick in the neck from the intensity wit which she followed everyone else's scene A neck actress, she called herself. She' never been so happy. Her joy was ap parent in an overall radiance, and her sol grievance that Josie fades out of the pic ture in her wedding gown. She'd drea up touching little twists, all designed t return Josie to the bosom of the famil with her little boy maybe—but she didn mention them to Curtiz.

Joan had her seventeenth birthday whil they were shooting. Jimmy was the onl principal working that day—in the Whit House scene—but Huston and Whorf an Jeanne and Rosemary all came in—Rose mary clear from Torrance where she live They got the unsuspecting Joan over by ruse. As she walked in, all the lights wer out except for one spotlight trained o three negro butlers, dignified and statel descending the White House staircase wit a huge birthday cake.

Suddenly, to the tune of *Yankee Doodl* they were all singing *Happy Birthday t You*—everyone, even the juicers on th crosswalks. Thrills chased down Joan spine and tears down her cheeks. "It fee so nice and friendly when they all sa hello to you," she sobbed. "Imagine how feels when they're all singing for you."

As she was cutting the cake, Jeanne gav her a box. It held a bracelet of braided re and yellow gold from which a locket hun inscribed *Joan* on one side, and on the oth *From the 4 Cohans and Mike*. Jimmy wa "right handy," so he got the first hug.

"Jeanne picked it," he told her.

"Because the colors are like your hair said Jeanne.

When they'd all been thanked, sh turned to Curtiz. "Does this really off cially mean I can call you Mike?"

"Do you want to call me Mike?"

"Of course. It'll make me realize th I'm seventeen."

Mike had four favorite scenes. The on where Josie tells George she's in love. Th one where George, on his father's sixty second birthday, gives the old man a ha interest in everything he owns. The father death scene. And the *Grand Old Flag* pro duction number.

The fourth was as personal to Mike a the family scenes. It took days of endles rehearsal. Some of the weary chorus kid grew a little careless of the flags they ha to keep carrying to and from the rack Till one youngster stormed: "Those a American flags, so quit trailing them o the ground, will you?" Overhearing, Ji patted her shoulder. The more volati Mike cupped her face between his han and kissed her.

It's a heart-lifting, throat-choking num ber—the story of the flag through all h battles—with the glorious voice of Willia Gillespie, the colored baritone, breakin through in *Glory, Glory Hallelujah*—and its climax, the four Cohans and Mary the head of a marching column, singin George's *Grand Old Flag*. You know it's calculated appeal to the emotions, but yo don't give a darn, since the rousing appe is as honest as the emotions roused.

Jeanne wept when the picture was fi ished.

"There'll be other pictures," Jim co soled her.

"But never another 'Yankee Dood Dandy'," she wailed, fishing for his han kerchief.

When you've seen it, you'll understan how she felt.



ANN HARE, beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Spencer Hare of Park Avenue, New York. Her engagement to Walter Wooster Richard of New York and Long Island was announced a few months after her debut. Like Wooster, Ann is Navy-minded, works hard with "Bundles for Bluejackets" and the "Navy Relief Society." One of the season's loveliest debutantes, she made her bow in Philadelphia, where her mother's family has long been socially prominent.

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(*right*) Ann and Wooster before he was called to active Navy duty.





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"Glamor Girl? Not Me!" Says Veronica Lake

Continued from page 25

he told her she had good surgeon's hands, that settled it. She'd study medicine.

The summer she was eighteen they moved to California for her father's health. In the fall she planned to start pre-medical work. One day a friend phoned. She was trying out for "Sorority House" at RKO, and had the trying-out jitters. Would Connie go along for moral support? Connie went along with her freckles hanging out and her hair, just washed, stuck under a tam. She liked her hair loose. But her mother didn't, her father didn't, her friends didn't, so rather than argue the point eternally, she wore it tied back or rolled under a hat.

John Farrow, the director, walked over to where she sat minding her own business, and said he could use her. She said she'd just come for the ride. He had to talk her into what the average girl would give her eye-teeth for, but—proving her not too different from the average girl—by the time the picture was finished, she had the bug, and registered at the Bliss-Hayden Dramatic School instead of at college. A few bits followed. Nobody singled her out except to snap, when she ventured to unbind her blonde tresses, "For heaven's sake, put your hair up."

Till Fred Wilcox, talent scout at M-G-M, tried her out for "Forty Little Mothers." He was sick of looking at girls who looked as much like each other as so many tin soldiers. Ronnie came in with her hair down. She generally took it down after leaving the house. This time she'd rebelled. "For once I'm going to do as I like with it."

For once she wasn't snapped at. "Leave it that way," said Wilcox. "At least it's different." He cast her for the picture and, as he saw more of her, she grew on him. "There's a gal that's going places," he told people. The picture finished, he high-pressured Metro into giving her a test. It left them unimpressed, so Wilcox turned it over to an agent. "I still think she's going places."

There was an art director named John Detlie at Metro who fell in love with her. He saw her first in the café, and found himself watching for the slight figure, the blonde head, the quiet but somehow provocative face. One or two tentative hellos never got him a tumble, so he asked a friend to introduce them. After that he made progress.

Arthur Hornblow had been combing the country for a girl to play the little tramp in "I Wanted Wings." He'd studied every picture in every magazine, run every test, interviewed every possibility. So when the Metro test of Ronnie came his way, he ran it as a matter of course and for the first time caught a flicker of what he wanted. Word went out that she was to be tested for the part next day.

Breathless with excitement, Ronnie phoned John the news. "I'll send you a little goodluck charm," he said.

The little charm arrived by Western Union messenger at eleven that night, and got her out of bed. She could hardly see the boy for the box he carried. Tearing it open, she hauled out a huge panda bear.

It went to the studio with her next day. She wore her hair loose, but not over one eye. Veronica One-Eye was born through pure accident. As she moved through the scene, her hair fell across her face a couple of times and, not knowing what else to do, she pushed it back. If it wasn't that gesture alone that sold Hornblow, it helped. He gave her the part. "And we'll play it that way," he said. "Let her hair swing free, and have her push it back every once in a while."

She took a taxi home, dashed up the stairs, tumbled into the apartment. "They want to star me in a picture," she gasped, "and give me a dollar thirty-five for the taxi man."

She pretends to believe the panda bear did it, and started collecting them from that day. She and John were married at Riverside, while she was on location for "I Wanted Wings," to escape the big wedding they knew Ronnie's mother would hold out for. Mrs. Keane picked that day for a surprise visit to her daughter. How they eluded her must make a good story, to judge from Ronnie's face, but she won't give it away. Elude her, however, they did and John slipped on his bride's finger a wedding ring designed by himself—in the shape of a panda bear. To a comment on the difference in age between Ronnie and her husband—he's eleven years older—she once answered: "Think nothing of it. I'm used to artists around my father's age. With John, I feel that I'm robbing the cradle."

She thinks Preston Sturges, who directed "Sullivan's Travels," is the greatest thing that ever walked through a door. Few people knew her while she was making "I Wanted Wings." She'd go to the commissary alone, order her favorite lunch of pepper steak, and try to look as if she were being exclusive by choice. Sturges, who eats with the gang he works with, noted the small solitary figure and crossed to her table. "You're Veronica Lake, aren't you? I'm Preston Sturges. Won't you come over and eat with us?" If only for that, she'd have been grateful. But to her he's also the finest director in shoe-leather, and a man who's won her wholehearted trust. His is the only movie home the Detlies visit. He thinks she's good too. He picked her for "Sullivan's Travels."

"This Gun For Hire," her third picture, is the first in which the sultry Lake has been kissed. Really kissed. You can hardly count Bill Holden's pale salute to the pale cheek of his wife, unworthy but dead. Ronnie was nervous about that first screen kiss. "I thought it would be moonlight and roses," she complained. "I thought the romantic atmosphere would help. *Look* at the atmosphere."

She sits on the counter of a shooting gallery while Bob Preston delivers. "I'm no good at this," she warned him.

"That's what *you* think," he retorted after the first try, and the glamor girl blushed.

What with rehearsals, long shots and closeups, the scene took most of the day. "I'm giving my day's salary to charity," Bob announced.

Ronnie jumped down from the counter. "And *I'm* going to ask for a stunt girl's check."

As far as possible she keeps her personal and professional affairs from touching. The studio wanted a picture of her with her husband. She promised to ask him when he came to pick her up that evening, and hugged him for saying no. As for the baby, "So help me," she vows, "no photographer gets his foot through that door. The baby belongs to me, not to the papers."

Elaine Keane Detlie—called Punkin by her mother because Elaine sounds so formal—was born last August 21st. Her father calls her Little Bat. Veronica's Big Bat. An accomplished child, she can make silly noises, hit herself in the face and laugh when you tickle her. Ronnie says she g her sweet disposition from Clara, who r the house and the Detlies, pours eggn down Mis' Ronna's throat, buys noodles" for Mistuh John, and gives th daughter the core of her heart. She work in John's family for years, but Ron wheedled her out of them. "That's for m she said. "That's what I need to take c of my baby."

They don't put on the dog for Hol wood. They live in a five-room apartme and were saving toward a small house, the war put a stop to that. On worki days Ronnie goes straight to bed after d ner. In any case, most of their evenin are spent at home. John works on his s dio designs, she pastes up her scrapbo or lazes around. Since war broke out, sh been trying to learn to knit, but would insult a soldier with what she turns o Still she keeps on trying.

She's proud of the acquisition of first driver's license. She's known how drive for some time but kept putting the test, because she was scared, havi heard weird tales of how strict they w and how they tried to distract you and n you up. "But it turned out all right," s Ronnie, no dope. "The minute the man into the car, I started distracting *hi*

Sometimes they windowshop—a sport delights in—but on Tuesday nights won't stir from the radio. Burns and All Fibber and Molly, Bob Hope, Red Skelt Amos 'n' Andy, Lum and Abner, Inform tion Please, We the People—"Fun fr six to nine thirty," sighs Ronnie. "Wh walk out on that!" And most of it, n we please point out, not very sophistica fun.

She could be domestic if she had time for it, loves to cook, uses every and pan in the kitchen, but cleans up mess as she goes along. She'll have truck with decorators, shopped in odd h and corners till she found the right co combinations for her living room and, w her mother's help, hung her own dra

When the war's over, she and John build the simple two-bedroom house designed on the knoll they've alre bought. There'll be no swimming-pool cause it fronts on a lake. There'll be tennis court because they don't p There'll be cows and chickens and a ve table garden, and they'll splurge only fireplaces which they can't get enough o one in the living room, one in the den, in their bedroom.

She doesn't like to say it because many actresses have said it and swallo their words. But she'll stake all she that her marriage will last. The care fine, but if it threatens her life with J to the dump-heap it goes.

She likes the way John put it. "As l as you're happy acting, honey, act. W you're not, come on home."





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Jeanette MacDonald's Message to Soldiers' Wives and Sweethearts

Continued from page 21

it. And as for my work—well, certainly this is no time for women to drop their jobs and go running after their husbands to Army camps. This is the time for all women to stick to their jobs, and work at them harder than ever before. The difference between this war, and all other wars, is that everybody has a part to play in it, every man, woman and child.

"I think it would be the worst thing in the world for us women to start feeling sorry for ourselves. A lot of crying women would upset the morale of the country but well. And morale, these days, is just as important as munitions." Jeanette poured me out a cup of tea (the MacRaymonds haven't been without tea since that Awful Night) and shoved cake at me which she assured me she had made herself, and was it her fault that the oven had been too hot!

"There's an old saying," she continued, "that 'men must fight, and women must weep.' Well, that was all right in the Civil War and the Spanish American War, perhaps even in the first World War, but in this war which we did not seek, but must and will win, it should read, 'men must fight, and women must *work*.' There is no time for weeping and useless little feminine gestures in this world today. It's high time for wives to stop being the Little Woman and be women."

"Bravo," I said, really greatly impressed by Jeanette's vehemence. That one wasn't born a red-head for nothing. "That sweet, helpless Little Woman always did make me sick," I growled. "We could do with some *Scarlett O'Haras* right now."

"Do I sound perfectly revolting?" asked Jeanette. "This isn't a lecture, believe it or not, it's just a suggestion to women who may find themselves suddenly at loose ends. But these women might just as well accept the fact that the only panacea for these sad times is work, and more work. During the last war women could only knit and make bandages. But this war, with fear of invasion of our coasts, with fear of bombings and sabotage, there are all kinds of things for women to do. It's every woman's duty to take first aid precautions. It's every woman's duty to be well informed on civilian defense. As one author expressed it, 'Woman's place is in the world.' The Red Cross, the American Women's Voluntary Services, the American Women's Hospital Reserve Corps, and the Office of Civilian Defense are constantly training women for volunteer war work. And by the way, the more a wife can identify herself with the war effort, in no matter how small a part, the closer she is going to feel to her husband.

"One of the heads of the A.W.V.S. in San Francisco is a pretty young wife whose husband is aide to an Admiral. She herself, was one of the evacuees from the Orient. She doesn't know where her husband is. She hasn't heard from him since Pearl Harbor. When, or if, she hears anything about the Admiral she knows her husband is with him. She works tirelessly day and night in her job here and she does it with a smile. She's the kind of wife everyone of us must be."

Jeanette is one of the sponsors and a state director of the American Women's Voluntary Services. During the past few weeks she has given two concerts, one in San Francisco and one in Los Angeles, with all the proceeds going to the A.W.V.S. From a third concert in San José she gave a contribution to the Bundles for Blue-Jackets for their nursery home at Long Beach. When she finishes "Cairo," in which picture she is being most attractive as a suspected lady spy, she expects to go on a tour of the Army camps. In the fall she resumes her own regular concert tour, and, of course, Mr. Mayer's pictures. The newspaper story that she was giving up her motion picture career for the duration was just about as accurate as a ouija boar

When Jeanette was in San Francisc recently she was asked by a reporter wha she thought of women in uniforms. An with all this violent discussion, pro an con, sweeping the country I think Jeanette' answer is worth repeating. "A uniform, said Jeanette, "brings women right dow to one social level. There are no socia distinctions. Judy O'Grady can look jus as chic as the Colonel's Lady. And *vic versa*. Uniforms are good too in that the influence women to keep their figures trim And to keep her figure trim a gal has go to keep healthy. And keeping healthy i our responsibility in this war, too. I don' like uniforms, but I'm all for uniforms.

"The other night at a dinner party felt the shadow of the future—there wer four men and eight women present. Th next day two of those men left to take up *their* duties. Women are going to have t get along with women," Jeanette com mented, rather sadly I suspected, "or b awfully lonely. I hope this war will even tually cure them of their unfortunate hab its of gossiping about each other. Thoug I suppose it would take more than war t accomplish that."

"Well, at least the war won't upse Garbo," I interrupted. "She can keep on being alone. By the way, I heard she took off her dark glasses the other night during the blackout. Oh, shut my big mouth, I forgot that we women must rise above gossip in this new world for women."

"Yes," giggled Jeanette, a little too eagerly, "but we don't have to start rising above it today, do we? Do you know any dirt?"

I assured her that my mind was as clean as a first aid bandage, and with a little prodding got her back into the story.

"Each woman will meet her problem in her own way," Jeanette continued, "but there are a few musts I give myself. When I feel lonely (and my house seems awfully big these days) I don't fall in a chair and start moping. I sit down at my desk and write Gene a letter. I try to make it as cheerful as possible, and to pep it up I include all the jokes I heard at the studio that day. And, don't laugh, I write him all the gossip of our friends. I always keep my letters to Gene very gay and chatty, even when I'm feeling perfectly awful. No husband wants to be burdened with a wife's tale of woe. Don't burden your husband with your problems. The chances are that they will straighten themselves out anyway before he receives the letter several days, or several weeks, later. I don't want Gene, up in a plane, suddenly to start thinking about one of my problems—he's got plenty of problems of his own to worry about right there on the dash board. Of course every husband wants to read 'I miss you, darling' but let your seriousness end there.

"I've heard more wives complaining lately because they don't receive letters from their soldier husbands as often as they think they should. (I hate to admit it, but I even did a little complaining myself the other day.) Well, we wives must remember that our husbands are busy, busier than they've ever been in their lives. A soldier can't say to his Commanding Officer, "Look here, bub, my wife will give me hell if I don't write to her this afternoon. How about giving me a couple of hours off?' It could mean K.P. duty for months for the poor guy.

"Women have got to remember that this is war, and that it is a very serious matter to be a soldier. They shouldn't fret because they feel they are lonely and neglected. Their husbands, they should realize, are being subjected to the most exacting discipline. The whole purpose of discipline is for self-preservation. Gene, I am glad to say, is the most serious of the serious.



Pat O'Brien, left, and Brian Donlevy in a scene from Columbia's "Two Yanks In Trinidad," in which they are seen as two notorious racketeers who enlist with a regiment bound for Trinidad, and become heroes there. Both Yanks like Janet Blair—and why not?

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"And a healthy mind," Jeanette continued, "is just as important these days as a healthy body. I don't dwell on the thought that Gene is risking his life in a plane. I didn't worry every day at home when he drove away in his car. Getting in his car and driving off to town was part of his business. Now getting in a plane is going about his business too. I shall continue to feel this way even when he is transferred, as he will be in *his* job, to the theater of war.

"While women are figuring out their own adjustments they must realize that their husbands are going through an adjustment too. At least women, for the most part, are working out their adjustments in familiar surroundings, in the comforts of their home, with their friends and family near them. But men are going through a different life entirely. Some of them are going to like it, and some of them aren't. The wife whose husband is inclined to gripe has a fine duty she can perform to him. She can inspire him with her letters and behavior, and never stop telling him how very proud she is of him."

"How did you feel," I asked, "when you saw your husband go?"

"I wanted to be sure of one thing," Jeanette answered slowly, "I wanted to be sure that he did not go off with the memory of my tears. The day he left for the East, I drove with him to the airport to see him off. I'm afraid I chattered rather inanely all the way, because I knew if I stopped talking I might cry. When I was in San Francisco a few weeks ago I met a young woman. She said to me, 'How can you possibly *stand* to have your husband go to war? If my husband has to go I know I'll simply *die*. *I* just couldn't *stand* it.'

"I could have slapped that girl! I'm going to keep my head, and my health. I'm not going to let myself cry or mope. I feel that I'm a part of the greatest united war effort in history. How *can* I feel sad! Do you want to know how I actually feel? I feel more important than I ever have in my life—because I am the wife of a man who is going to fight for his country!"



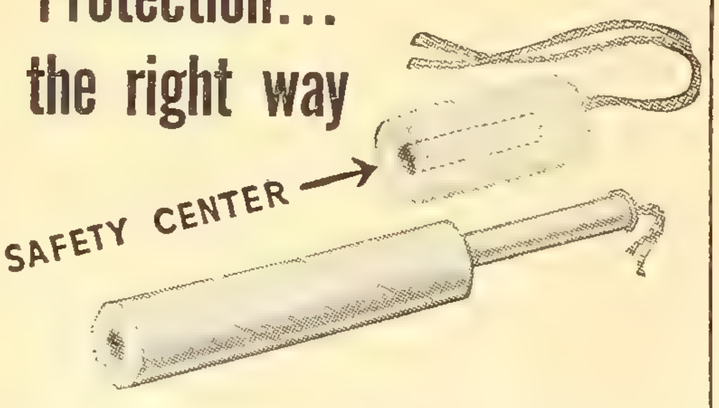
They're up a tree — yes — but not where their success in motion pictures is concerned. Alma Carroll, left, and Shirley Patterson are under contract to Columbia Pictures and the screen careers of both these shapely beauties are filled with promise.

When is a Tampon right for you?



Now more than ever—when days are so busy and hectic—the wonderful freedom of *internal* sanitary protection makes sense! But there are tampons *and* tampons. What are the things to look for—when is a tampon *right* for you?

Protection... the right way



For real security a tampon must absorb *quickly, surely!* Meds absorb *faster* because of their exclusive "safety center" feature! Meds are made of finest, pure cotton . . . hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

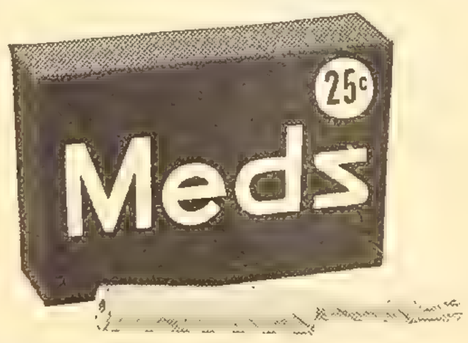
Is it right for comfort?

Meds were scientifically designed by a woman's doctor. So comfortable you hardly know you're wearing them. Meds eliminate bulges—chafing—pins—odor. Easier to use, too, for each Meds comes in an individual one-time-use applicator!

* * *

Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading napkins. Get Meds—the *right* tampon—for protection, comfort, and value!

BOX OF 10 — 25¢ • BOX OF 50 — 98¢



The Modess Tampon

Mary Ties A Bandage

Continued from page 33

friends for ages) was just about to come to an abrupt end when a "victim" of one of Hollywood's most glamorous of glamor girls was bound so tight she had a nose bleed, and at the sight of the blood the g. of the g.g. fainted dead away.

"Unfortunately," said Mary, "our instructor was out of the room at the time. We just stood around gawking like goons. Until Hedy Lamarr had sense enough to rush for the spirits of ammonia. And someone—me, I think—shouted, 'It's chapter five in the First Aid book.'"

Mary was much quicker on the draw when she was a little girl, "deep in the heart of Texas." Every summer Mary was sent away to a girls' camp. "The family looked forward to summer," said Mary. "I was a good swimmer and soon became a junior life-guard at the camp. I used to pray fervently every night that one of my little playmates would drown so I could rescue her. I never saw such unobliging girls. But one day the biggest girl in camp, she must have weighed at least 250 pounds, got cramps in the deepest part of the lake. As she was going down for the third time I reached her, dragged her to the shore and gave her artificial respiration. I don't know whether I was good, or whether it was just an accident, but anyway everybody at the camp said I saved her life, and I was never one to argue. They made a big fuss over me and gave me a medal."

That bit of reminiscing reminded Mary of her First Aid respiration so Marjory was unbound—just in time too as gangrene was about to set in—and requested sweetly to spread out on the floor on her stomach.

Mary straddled her victim's thighs, placed the palms of her hands on the small of Marjory's back with fingers resting on her ribs, her little finger just touching the lowest rib, with thumb and fingers in a natural position and the tips of her fingers just out of sight. "Out goes the bad air, in comes the good air," chanted Mary.

I suppose I have a misplaced sense of humor, but there is something about artificial respiration that always makes me laugh. That was before I attended a First Aid class with Joan Blondell and her mother. Now I don't laugh, I roar, at the top of my lungs. I never see artifici respiration but what I think of the Blor dells. Mrs. Blondell is very serious abo First Aid, and exceptionally good at it to The week before the respiration lesson t instructor, as usual, informed the class t wear slacks to the next meeting—as art ficial respiration isn't the most graceft thing in the world. Now Mrs. Blondell plumpish. And like all plumpish wome she has a horror of slacks. And besides sl couldn't find any at the Beverly Hills sho (which cater to the Katharine Hepbur types) to fit her. So in desperation sl dug down in her trunk and brought out pair of "teddies"—the kind that wome wore some twenty years ago, with th strap buttoning between the legs. Wel came time for artificial respiration, Mr Blondell, feeling very modest, stretched o on her blanket, and Joan straddled h thighs and gave her the one-two-thre When the instructor informed Joan th she had saved the life of her victim, Joa pleased with her finesse, tried to unstrad dle her mother, and discovered to her ho ror, and Mrs. B.'s shame, that her fo was caught in the "teddy" strap. That, course, sent the class into hysterics. Mr Blondell called in the dressmaker the ne day.

Mary laughed so hard over my favori respiration story that she decided that w all needed tea to revive us. Marjory, look ing like a first class casualty, thought th that would be a splendid idea. So splin and gauze and bandages were cleared awa for the nonce, but not too far away. I g the idea that when Dick came home f dinner he'd very likely be greeted with traction hitch of the hand.

"I hate to admit it," Mary confesse quite seriously, as she nibbled on a cooki "but I started First Aid as a lark. B now that I am in it I am the most seriou person in the world. I think it is ever woman's duty to prepare herself for ever emergency. It's so wonderful for yo peace of mind to know that you can tak care of your family and aid your neighbo if it ever becomes necessary in these u certain times. Believe me, I am more tha grateful for this chance to learn First Aid.



Mary Lee, who will soon be seen in Republic's "Shantytown," and cowboy Roy Rogers, whose latest western for the same company is "Romance on the Range," above, attending recent Military Ball given by the California State Guard at the Palladium in Hollywood.



Pvt. Herbert Anderson obtained an Army furlough and returned to Hollywood to marry Mary Virginia Palmer. Pvt. Anderson appeared in "The Male Animal" before the Army won him over. Mary is studying dramatics.

Well, Mary was just about to work herself up to a very important message, I was certain, so I had a second cup of tea and settled down comfortably on the couch. But the arrival of one Richard Halliday spoiled everything.

"Right over left and left over right," he hummed as he gave his little bride a kiss. "I want you to promise me one thing, Mary. If we are bombed, and I am hurt, just let me lie there—until the doctor comes."

Editor's Note:

Here's the information for the Mary Martin First Aid pictures which illustrate the story on pages 24 and 25. On page 24, reading from top, the first picture shows the eye bandage, one of the funniest and yet one of the most difficult to apply. After much discussion and many tries, Mary has worked out the proper bandage for the eye. Next, Mary and Marjory seated on couch, tying square knots. Marjory has just tied a "granny" knot, and Mary is showing the correct one she has tied. The proper procedure is right over left and left over right, then you have a proper slip, or square knot. The third picture shows Mary being bandaged by Marjory. This is the traction foot bandage, bandage ready for traction splint.

On page 25, also reading from top down, you see Mary putting dislocated jaw bandage on Marjory. This bandage is applied with two cravat bandages and is a network of crisscrosses and knots in the back. This is another one of the difficult bandages. The center picture shows Mary giving Marjory artificial respiration. Mary is an old hand at this and can do it in record time. She was a junior life-saver when she was a little girl. The bottom picture shows the girls discussing both ways of applying the arm sling bandage. This is the proper Red Cross way and there is also another one that is a small knot in the end of a triangle bandage and then procedure as regulation. Notice that this bandage modeled by Marjory has end tucked neatly under elbow. It is pinned there. The girls are discussing whether the other way isn't faster and quicker in emergency.



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BONDS AND STAMPS



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PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
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5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

Tomato Salad Ring is also one of Gail's favorites.

TOMATO SALAD RING

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2 cups canned or fresh tomatoes
½ bay leaf (if desired)
½ teaspoonful salt
Stalk celery
A little Cayenne or pepper
1 tablespoonful mild vinegar
or lemon juice
1 tablespoonful onion juice

Mix tomatoes, bay leaf, salt, celery and Cayenne or pepper and boil ten minutes. Soften gelatine in cold water. Add to hot mixture and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and onion juice (extracted by grating onion). Strain. Turn into ring mold first rinsed in cold water; chill. (To fill 9-inch mold, double recipe.) When firm, unmold on lettuce. Fill center, if desired, with Gail's special potato salad or cole slaw. Tomato juice may be used instead of canned or fresh tomatoes. (Serves 6.)

An unusual dish is Pea Salad. Try it if you like peanuts.

PEA SALAD

1 can Heinz small peas
10¢ salted peanuts ground coarse
3 medium sized sweet pickles
3 hardboiled eggs, chopped.

Combine with cooked mayonnaise.

"Sometimes we have sweet sandwiches of date bread spread with cheese and nuts. Sometimes I serve graham cracker crust pie, filled with butterscotch filling, made not too stiff, with grated almond brittle on top. But for war time, with sugar rationed, it's always nice to serve fruit and cheese as dessert."

SPAGHETTI AND SAUCE

3 large onions, chopped
2 cloves garlic
1 can #2 Heinz tomatoes with purée
1 can tomato paste
1 can mushrooms
1 lb. round steak, cut in inch cub
2 pkgs. Golden Age spaghetti
2 pkgs. grated Kraft Parmesan chee
6 tablespoons olive oil.

Put olive oil in hot pan, add onions un browned, garlic and hamburger, stirri until they are well browned. Add other i gredient, turn flame very low and simm for 3½ hours. When finished it thicker Stir as it cooks, and keep covered.

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water f 20 minutes; drain, and serve one layer platter, cover with layer of sauce and lay of grated cheese. Burn ⅛ lb. of butter a pour over cheese on last layer just befo serving.

"We Were Dancing" is Gail's most rece picture, and her guests can dance if th wish on the smooth tiled patio and flagg courts around her house. There's a Cap hart just inside the French doors to h living room, and a portable radio usual kept in the Flag Room.

Gail's Flag Room is unique. Because s is a study in black and white and red, wi her dark eyes and hair, her magnolia ski vivid lips and tinted nails, it makes an ide background for her.

The carpet is red and white, the drap blue, one halfmoon couch is red, anoth blue and white; the lamps have shades red and white stripes, the chairs are stripe blue and white, and all the knickknac have a patriotic motif.

The treatment Gail has given one wa resulted in the name of the room. Whe Gail bought the house, this wall was a va glass-paned closet, most uninteresting. Sh counted the panes and discovered the were exactly forty-eight of them. "For eight," she repeated, hopelessly. Then occurred to her that there are also forty eight states in the union.

"I thought it might be fun to dedica each pane to a state. I got little silk flag of each state, mounted them on panel painted the name of the state on top, adde the capital, the date of entry into the unio the state flower and the state nicknam For example, my home state, Louisian entered the union April 8, 1812; its flowe is the magnolia, its capital, Baton Roug and its nickname, the Pelican State.

"At the time I designed it, I didn't thin



George Stevens, producer-director of Columbia's "The Talk of the Town," is shown with his starring trio: Ronald Colman, who portrays the greatest legal mind in the nation; Jean Arthur, seen as the girl; and Cary Grant, who enacts the rôle of a fugitive from justice.

f games, but the wall is the source of a reat deal of entertainment. A guest seats imself with his back to the wall and tries o name the forty-eight states and their apitals, their flowers and so on. Or each uest without looking at the wall must give he data on his home state. Or we take the ame of a state and write it down one ide of a paper and each guest fills in attles, patriotic incidents or famous names fter each letter, the best getting the prize.

"Most of the people who come to my ouse are interested in games with action n them, so we play indications a lot. We raw sides and each side chooses some hisorical incident and acts it out for the other ide to guess—Boston Tea Party, Valley orge, Dolly Madison saving Washington's ortrait, and so on."

Her house was a Spanish house when Gail took it, set on a terrace above the oulevard, its garden sloping up to a high etaining wall in back. Now it is early American, to go with her cherished ntiques.

The living room is done around a comortable old rocker that has been in the amily since "forever." The rocker is upolstered in a floral pattern, as are the love eats, blue and burgundy is the color cheme, and there's a grandmother clock in ne corner, with a miniature of itself beide it.

Gail is mad about miniatures. Her dining oom set was designed from a priceless niniature table and chairs presented to her. The buffet, with its hanging shelf, is also opied from a miniature, and the humanized china, silver and glass are exactly ike the wee ones on the little furniture—Wedgewood china, crested silver, crystal glass and even linen embroidered to scale.

There are tiny cigarette boxes that could contain ashes, salts and peppers that could be filled, a knife box that contains a dozen each of knives, forks and spoons, half an inch long, a set of silver trays and candelabra.

The lower floor, except the kitchen and Flag Room is carpeted in blue, but the dining room walls are papered in a yellow and white satin stripe, instead of the clear white walls elsewhere.

Upstairs, when Gail moved in, her bedroom was that of a Latin with arched Spanish fireplace and iron hearth, hopeless at first glance. After experimenting, Gail put in a copper hood for the fireplace and a bright chain-mail firescreen, truly a thing of beauty. She papered the walls in huge rose pattern suited to her four-poster canopied bed continuing the paper into the dressing room and big closet room.

Her passion for miniatures comes out in a table full of tiny copper objects, teakettles, ash-trays, fireplace fixtures, tiny washstand, pitcher, basin and soapdish.

It is a pleasant house, but the nicest part of it, according to Gail, is the patio in summer time. Here the furniture is deep blue, piped in red or white, set on red tiled floor under red and white awning.

Missy, the cocker-spaniel, loves to chase balls from table tennis or to go through her catalog of tricks. She's an obliging camera subject, willing to pose indefinitely. Could it be that she likes the special cookies, bits of which are her reward?

You'll like them, too.

GAIL'S SPECIAL COOKIES

2 cups brown sugar
1 cup Crisco (generous)
2 eggs
1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon Royal baking powder
Pinch of salt.

Flavor with vanilla or nutmeg or put in cup of raisins. Flour enough to make a soft mixture. Roll, cut out and bake.

"Wake up looking lovely... try my Beauty Nightcap"

RITA HAYWORTH, CO-STARRING IN "CARNIVAL IN RIO", A COLUMBIA PICTURE



says Rita Hayworth ...

"Your complexion can grow lovelier. I know. Just have a Nightcap nightly with Woodbury Cold Cream.

"Why Woodbury? Its beauty oils help relieve the dryness that may lead to tiny lines. You'll see!"

Nightly, Rita cleanses with Woodbury. Then, removing this cream, she dabs on fresh Woodbury Cold Cream for all-night marvels. She can trust Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient is constantly acting to purify this cream right in the jar.

For a dazzling complexion, try Rita's Nightcap!

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars



Try Rita Hayworth's Nightcap. Today get Woodbury Cold Cream. Large jars are 50¢ to $1.25. Introductory sizes 10¢, 25¢.

For special skins—special creams. If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin, use new Woodbury Foundation Cream for a powder base.



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This "wonder" product gives stockingless legs real eye-catching glamour, imparting the same velvety-smooth attractiveness to the legs that it does to the face, neck and arms.

Smooth it on in a jiffy . . . you'll find that it's comfortably cool, looks like sheer silk and won't rub off. It's waterproof, too!

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Ask for the special hosiery shades—*Rose Beige* and *Golden Mist.*

More women use MINER'S *than any other* LIQUID MAKE-UP! *Buy it!..Try it!..You'll love it!*

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For an exquisite all-day powder base or for harmonizing face and leg make-up . . . use one of these flattering shades:

Peach • Rachelle • Brunette
Suntan • Hawaiian • Nut Brown

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Hi, Stinky!

Continued from page 34

as mentioned, but not sensational. Besides, there is an Adonis on every street corner in Hollywood. Well, every other corner. The point is, they are standing on the corner. No, there is more back of Bob Cummings' rise to stardom than meets the eye. Or the eye and ear. I believe the answer is to be found in (a) his theory of why, and for what purpose, we were born and (b) his method of dealing with people.

His theory "Why are we born?" he asks, "to get along with our fellow man, isn't that so? Only by our relations with our fellow man can we be truly judged. So, learn how to get along, I say!"

His method: very simple. He simply greets everybody, from Mister **Producer in** his pine-panelled Front Office suite to the colored bootblack on the lot as "Hi, Stinky!" With these two rather goatish words is his whole psychology of personal and public relations contained.

"In other words," he told me, smiling, "I give 'em the 'Hi, Stinky!' approach. I try to shake hands with the gloves off, right at the start. For instance, with Deanna—yes, my hi-stinkying of Deanna is the best illustration I can give you of what I mean. It was like this: when we made 'It Started With Eve, Deanna was constrained with me, restrained, inhibited by her own particular brand of shyness. Everyone had always called her 'Miss Durbin.' No one had ever given her a chance to feel free and regular. She'd been carried around on a cushion. The 'Queen' stuff. Stiff-making, that is. She'd never done anything boisterous in her life. On the screen, she had never really let herself go. She had never kissed a fellow wildly, passionately. I made up my mind I had to fix that.

"I had always called her Deanna, ever since we made 'Three Smart Girls Grow Up,' but I could never let myself really go with her. I always felt she was somehow disapproving of something or other. So, when we started making 'Eve' I was, I must admit, thinking of myself somewhat. I made up my mind I would not let this frigidity limit my performance, freeze my 'assets.'

"So, I walked in the first morning, said 'Hi, Stinky!' She just *froze,* Deanna did. Then, like a pianist who makes a mistake, and doesn't care, I came back and said it again. Another freeze. But good.

"Deanna went home that night and (I learned later) told Vaughn Paul that I had called her 'Stinky.' Vaughn laughed like hell. 'You think of something to call him tomorrow,' he told her. Deanna's mind doesn't run to name-calling, so they collaborated. And hit on 'Slug.' From then on in, it was 'Stinky' and 'Slug' and a good, all-around, all-American pair of performances we turned in, if I do say so.

"And that's what I mean by 'Hi, Stinky!' It's rudimentary, you know, it's 'elementary, my dear Watson,'" he laughed; then added, eyes grave, "and it is based on my conviction that we are all shy, all *so* shy, pathetically shy. Some of us try to cover it up one way, some another. But there it is in all of us, the shyness. I just try to break the barriers down, when I can. I try to get the combination of every person I meet. I make it my special business to find out how they tick. It goes both ways, too; I try to make people understand *me,* get my combination, listen to how I tick. How? Well, mostly by *looking people in the eye,* and being honest. 'Look,' I say, 'here are my bad points, what are yours?' In other words, I give them the 'Hi, Stinky' approach."

(He does. He knows the name, the fir name, of every soul on his sets. He knov how many children they have, and wh individual problem each tot presents. He n only knows about them, he cares. He "Bob," the *same* Bob, to the little extr girl as to Deanna Durbin. He treats or exactly as he does the other. "You can have two sets of rules," he says.)

"I've been using that approach all m life" he was saying, "with everyone. An never knew it. It was my pal Allan Jone who crystallized it for me by telling m 'You know, Bob, that 'Hi, Stinky' salut of yours is what opens all the doors. Mayb you don't know it, but it's your philosoph of life in two little words of street jargon I believe he was right.

"When I started working with Alfre Hitchcock on my new picture, 'Saboteur I'd heard from other actors that I migh meet up with some strange, uncanny trea ment from the English director. He rathe badgers his actors, I was told. His metho of getting results is, often, as eerie as th results you see on the screen.

"Well, I didn't go around fretting abou it, in introvert fashion. If he was going t jump at me out of dark corners, I wante to know it. I went straight to Hitch befor the picture started. 'Look,' I said, 'I am little bit timid, aren't we all? But I a a touch on the complex side of timidity To offset this, I'm apt to scream around lot. Now, I don't want to have to screa so, having been warned that you talk t actors rather, ah, strangely, I just wan to know what to expect. I just want t understand you, so that——'

"I'm sure, old bean," Hitchcock inter rupted me, as affable as Humpty-dumpt before the fall, "that if you give me wha I want, old bean, there will be no trouble old bean.'

"That was fair enough. But *what* did h want? If we know what people want, yo see——

"'Do you want me to learn my lines, o not learn them?' I asked, 'do you want m to put myself entirely in your hands o think up bits of business myself? D you——?'

"'*Don't* learn your lines,' he said, 'an just be your own sweet self!'

"And there we were. Hitch believes tha when an actor is letter-perfect in his part he is stilted. He prefers to have you *ad lib,* even muff a line now and then. He feel that many actors are too mannered, delive their lines like orations. But the point is I knew what he wanted of me. And as result we have got along in a manner tha can only be described as 'beautifully.' W were honest with one another. We looke each other in the eye. *It works.*

"When I made 'The Devil and Mis Jones' with Jean Arthur, I had never me her. I had heard that getting along witl her was not exactly a game of tiddledy winks, either. I came on the set one day— Sam Wood wanted to make a test of m in make-up to see how I'd 'go' with Mis Arthur's complexion—in a great hurry be cause I was making 'Free and Easy' a M-G-M at the time, was taking my lunch hour.

"I whipped around a corner of the sound stage and sitting right there, smoking a cigarette, was Miss A. I said 'Gee, you're just as pretty as I thought you were!' Just another way of saying 'Hi, Stinky!'—get it? Disarming, that's the motive. A girl can't very well have a tantrum or turn to ice when a fellow is being so doggone *pleasant.*



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Poor little China baby, scared of war so close and dreadful. What's to prevent that happening here, in your town, to YOUR baby?

Men can't prevent it—even big tough soldiers—unless they have tanks, planes, ships, guns . . . more of them, bigger ones, better ones, than any in the hands of the enemy.

And the supplies and machines for successful war cost *money*. Will *you* help?

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YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, you're going to *lend* some of it to Uncle Sam. He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for $18.75. It is worth $25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

★ *Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!*

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort towards helping win the War.

"At that," Bob laughed, "she did have rather a 'have-we-met-before-my-good-man?' expression in her eyes. So I pulled another rabbit out of the hat, mentioned some party where we'd both had such a heck of a time (a fiction, of course) and then 'Come on, now' I said, 'let's make this thing, I've got to get going.' By this time, I had her by the hand and she walked with me, docile as a lamb, to the set where we made the test.

"Later, Sam Wood said to me, 'Glad you get along so well with Arthur. You're old friends, you two, eh?' 'I only met her ten minutes ago,' I said. Wood died."

It is thanks to this barrier-breaking, ice-thawing genius of his that Bob has worked up his reputation-extraordinary. He has something special to contribute to the making of a picture, and they all know it.

We bought books on astrology. We compared our common or uncommon Gemini characteristics. We gave each other advice. The result was a nice, friendly feeling between us on the set. And on the screen, I believe, it comes *over*. That we are two people who are interested in each other, I mean, not just pretending to be. Genuine, not gelatin.

"'He gets along with women,' they are saying of me, in the business. That's a laugh. I was never particularly a Ladies' Man. Not even before I was married. No women breaking their necks over me, let alone their hearts.

"What I am talking about is not, at any rate, something that is happening just to me and to the people I contact. It hasn't anything to do with sex. It is not, or it should not be, an individual or local thing,

"I simply predicate my performance upo the birthday of the character I am playing Bob explained, "and then behave accor ingly. Look, here is how it works: I rea the script of 'Kings Row.' I then picke out a birthday for Parris Mitchell. I chos February 4 for him. Because February is under the Sign of Aquarius and Aquarit is the Humanitarian. Under Aquarius ar all those who, like *Parris,* try to help mar kind. Thereafter, whatever *Parris* did, tried to have him do as an Aquarian. Whe he got mad, in his compassion for h friend, *Drake,* in his relationships wit girls, I kept his characteristics as an Aqua rian in mind, knew what his reactior would be, under this sign, and so I had pattern to use.

"Turning to astrology for help in playin parts is, I believe, original with me. It ha



Red Skelton goes a'wooing. With the aid of Virginia O'Brien, he demonstrates his love-making technique. First comes chin-tickling.



When he gets no reaction to the chin business, he tries rasher methods—the "half-Nelson" (sometimes called a clinch), but that's out too.



Maybe you think this is going too far, bu Red, who's dressed for his "Ship Ahoy" rôle is set on impressing "dead pan" Virginia

Directors, assistant directors, cameramen, still men, his fellow players.

"Get Cummings," harassed directors say, when they have an ice-bag for an actress, "he'll break her down, he'll keep her in a laughing mood." And sure enough.

"Sometimes," Bob was saying, "the strangest things come in handy. As smudge-pots, I mean, as thawer-outers. Take the case-history of Priscilla Lane, next. Astrology took the chill off the air with Priscilla. For Pat seemed a little stand-offish the first day we worked together, kind of strange. I diagnosed the symptoms for what they were—shyness. So I said, without any preamble, 'When's your birthday?' I wasn't really interested, especially in her birthday. I just wanted her to talk to me. 'June 9th,' she told me, startled but, as I had hoped, interested.

"Immediately she gave me the date, I knew I had struck the right chord, was on the beam. For she is Gemini—and so am I—and all Gemini people, whether they believe in astrology or not, are interested in it.

"'What's yours?' she asked me, then. 'June 12th' I said—and everything was dandy. We had swell times together, off-set.

this trying to find the common denominator of your fellow man. *It has got to happen—in the world.*

"I have always had a pet theory that the salvation of the world is in the air. The war will be won in the air. Peace will come from the air. And we could learn, if we would, all the lessons of wisdom from the air. Adaptability, mainly. Nothing, after all, is as adaptable as air. If it can't get over, it gets under. That is for me. In the air, too, is radio, which makes for understanding. In the air, what is more, things fall into their proper perspective. Values get straightened out. Up there, in that divinely fluid element, among the winds and the stars, you match your puny little self and all the other little, human selves to the elemental laws, and—" Bob smiled, *"what can you find to say to any man but—Hi, Stinky!*

"And one thing more—and here is something new under the sun, so help me—and forgive me for a big, fat boast—I even use the Hi, Stinky approach on the characters I play."

This, it seems unnecessary to say, required some elucidation. I asked for it, and got it.

been my little secret which now, blow m down, I seem to be giving away. I shoul remark here, by the way, that I am not a all-out believer in astrology. I can think of as many arguments against it as for it But I do believe that it provides a key t the general behavior and major character istics of men."

(He never wears make-up, I was thinking, yet he manages to be different, quite startlingly different, in every part he plays. Directors have told me "he *looks* different in different roles." Because of his "secret," I thought, perhaps he *is* different. He must think differently, feel differently, react differently in each and every part. He did not merely make believe that Bob Cummings was *Parris Mitchell* in "Kings Row"— he behaved as *Parris Mitchell, according to his birthdate,* would behave.)

"When I made 'It Started With Eve,'" Bob was saying, "I gave myself an April birthday, Taurus and, accordingly, I tried to behave, in this part, as one born under Taurus would be likely to behave. In 'Moon Over Miami,' I used my own birthday, Gemini. I played myself. A flirtatious fellow, talkative, inclined to be a one with the girls, yet capable of real devotion, too,

apable of settling down when the time for ettling comes. Yes, me!

"In 'The Devil and Miss Jones,' I used ıy stand-in, Eddie Reagan, as my model. put Eddie, a Scorpion, on the screen. he Scorpions are tremendous talkers. hey are crusaders. They are table-thump-s. I became a Scorpion and now, in Saboteur,' I am a Sagittarian. The chap play in 'Saboteur,' suspected of sabotage, onstantly conniving for his life, would ome under the sign of Sagittarius, I am ure. The Sagittarians are clean-cut, rather lent types. What they say usually hits ıe mark. What they do usually hits the ıark. They have good aim in everything. hey are under the sign of the Archer.

"So, with each part I play, I give the ıaracter a birthday. I then ask myself, ow would a man born under this or that



ied gives up. Evidently his special brand of itching woo isn't in best Hollywood style, ut, he admits, sadly, that's how I "dood it."

ign behave? How would he react to this? o that? I must do what the script calls or, of course. But I keep the point of view f the character's astrological sign in mind. find it helps me, helps me NOT to be Bob Cummings on every foot of film.

"And now you have it," Bob smiled over he coffee—did I mention that we were unching at Bob's favorite eatery, Eaton's Ranch in the San Fernando Valley, a mile r so from Universal? And under a spread-ng olive tree which thrusts its pale green ranches through the roof of the enclosed atio. "Now you have my secret," he said. What it boils down to is that I try to now people, all kinds of people, including hose men I must, for a little while, be-ome. I try to be honest with people and ope that they, in turn, will be honest with ne. It resolves itself into one basic equa-ion—understanding."

Close by our windows, where we sat, under he olive tree, symbol of Peace, Army rucks rolled by, making a martial clatter n the quiet valley road. There was a curi-us expression in Bob's very dark blue yes. After a pause: *"We wouldn't have his war if we understood each other,"* he aid.



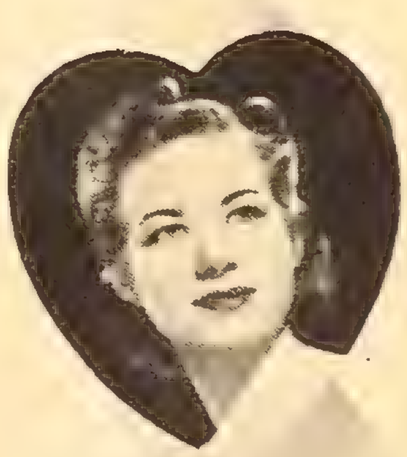
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Here's Hollywood

By Weston East



Irene Dunne, left, takes time out for refreshments on the set of "Lady In a Jam," in which she plays a delightfully daffy heiress. Below, while on location, Irene protects her ears from singing cowboy Ralph Bellamy's corny serenade.



ANN SOTHERN presented Hedy Lamarr with a precious engagement present. It came in a large satin-lined box, all done up in ribbons and bows. Hedy tore into it and found—five pounds of sugar! Hedy took one look and screamed to George Montgomery: "Look, darling—we're rich!"

JOAN FONTAINE and Olivia de Havilland have agreed not to buy another dress until the war is over. The money they would ordinarily spend, goes for Victory Bonds. When Livvy needed a new gown for a special occasion, she enlisted the aid of her friend, John Hambleton, the famous designer. They took an old dress, turned it inside out, cut out the sleeves and made it into a backless gown. Olivia was the belle of the ball.

PRISCILLA LANE'S in love again. She may stomp her pretty foot and deny it. But there's romance waiting for her on the desert. Strange part of it is, this Army officer is stationed at the Victorville airport In order to see him, Pat has to drive up to Victorville. And Victorville, if you're up on your Lane history, is where John Barry (Pat's former fiance) is running his newspaper. If Pat announces her engagement, she can depend on getting a good spread in the Victorville *Press!* Or can she?

NEVER let it be said that Charles Boyer doesn't have a sense of humor. Completing the final shot on "The Constant Nymph," he sighed, turned to Joan Fontaine and said: "Well, I guess I'll take off my carpet and go home now." Then he reached up and removed his hairpiece!

IT'S true, because they sent Annie Sheridan a picture of it. They're getting top prices for a certain hotel room, in a certain town in the middle-west. It seems Ann stayed there while entertaining the soldiers at the local Army camp. Recently Ann received a thick envelope in the mail. It contained a photograph of Ann's room. In large letters was a sign tacked over the bed. It read: "Ann Sheridan slept here."

GUESS where Jimmy Stewart heads every time he gets a free week-end? Right to Ginger Rogers' house that sits on the top of a high hill. Instead of going to the Mocambo or the Little Troc (they're the only two night clubs open now) they sit out on the patio and look down on the lights of Hollywood. Jimmy's whole life is now wrapped up in the Army. His pal Burgess Meredith (who was once referred to as "The startled chrysanthemum") is now one of the most serious soldiers in his company.

WHEN Tyrone Power gets into the Navy, he won't have to watch his waistline. Until he does, his superior studio officers will be just as pleased if he kind of counts the calories!

HARD luck dogged the steps of Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden right to the very end. Their marriage has been a series of location trips, hospital sieges, and separations. On Bill's last week in Hollywood before joining the Army, Brenda came down with the measles. The day Bill left, their prized Chinese servants announced they were going into business for themselves. Brenda has been so upset, she's down to ninety-two pounds!

M-G-M's loss is 20th's gain. When An Rutherford went to Mr. Mayer an asked for her release, no one thought she receive it. Ann pleaded for herself. Sh had been on the lot too long. The break had been slow in coming. She *didn't* mentio that every part her heart was set on, Lan Turner played. Not wanting to stand in he way if she could better herself, Mr. Maye gave his blessing. He also told Ann sh could come "home" whenever she wante Ann went right over and signed a swe contract with Zanuck.

THE Fred Astaires' new baby girl ha been christened. They're calling her Av Astaire—*not* after Mrs. Mickey Roone Fred and Phyllis just happen to like th name. Wouldn't it be nice to have a secon generation brother and sister dance tean to follow in the footsteps of Fred an Adele Astaire? Little Freddie, Jr., is a ready showing dancing inclinations. Mayb someday we'll be seeing it on the theate marquees: "Ava and Fred Astaire, Jr., i person!"

AT THE completion of "Eagle Squad ron," Diana Barrymore gave a part for the company. Instead of an informa get-together, she asked them all to wea dinner jackets. They all did—all but Edd Albert. He said he wanted to enjoy him self. Van Heflin (who wasn't in the pic ture) was the only outside guest. Righ after dinner, he and Diana disappeared i another room. For hours they remaine away looking at John Barrymore's picture and scrap books. Finally, everyone left an went on to a night club. The next da Diana sent a note of apology. Hollywoo *still* can't figure her out.

WHEN interviewers used to ask George Sanders about his marriage, he quietly them it was none of their business. s didn't work so well with the draft d. It seems it *was* their business. By time they impressed this on George, he almost ready to admit anything! He's ried, they say—and they also say there's vorce in the offing. That's one thing the t board *isn't* interested in. As for in-iewers, they might just as well try and Garbo to play piggy-back. George *isn't* ing.

-G-M will never be the same. When they signed Carmen Amaya, the sen-onal Andalusian Gypsy dancer, she ught along twenty-six aunts, uncles and sins. They gave her a gorgeous knotty portable dressing room on the set. en they asked if everything was all t, through an interpreter Carmen ex-dly explained that she *had* to have—a ss cuspidor. It was for one of the les!

E *THOUGHT* we had heard every-thing. Michele Morgan has a new farm se style home. There's a hayloft built t in her living room! You climb up a der to reach it. Yes, it's filled with real . All she needs now is Linda Darnell's rooster. If Michele gets hay fever 'll know why.

IE ways of mice and men and Holly-ood producers are indeed strange. rgo hasn't had a job in the movies for r a year. The day Louella Parsons nted that Paramount had sent for the gnificent Mexican to test for *Maria* in or Whom The Bell Tolls," every other dio wired they had a part for her. She ed back and said: "Whatever the part I'm sorry but I'm not the type."

HUMPHREY BOGART was having a lot of fun ribbing Adolphe Menjou. "Say, 'Dolph," kidded Bogey, "if they keep on drafting guys like Lynn and Reagan, they'll have to take old guys like you and make you up to look like *young* leading men." "Well, at least," cracked Menjou, "for the first time in history some of our glamor girls will have leading men nearer their own age!" Ouch!

THE Army will never be the same! Joan Blondell almost caused a riot when she did her sketch for the boys in camp. Right in the middle of a semi-strip tease number, Joan's zipper got stuck. She asked if there was a soldier in the house who could help a girl out. Of course it was all in fun. The boys cheered themselves hoarse.



George Raft, above, plays *himself*, as he was during his career as a dancer, in "Broadway," new film which parallels incidents in Raft's life. Janet Blair enacts his dancing and romantic partner.

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Hollywood's Finest Friendship

Continued from page 55

Broad-shouldered and strong as an ox, young George Tobias had women theater patrons shrieking and fainting when he came out on the stage in his hairy ape costume, bodily picked up heavy Louis Wolheim and hurled him into a cage.

Harold had followed George's progress with interest. For versatile George had also scored playing a Polish gentleman of 60 years of age in Channing Pollock's "The Fool." Harold, too, decided to try the stage.

The years passed. George became established as one of Broadway's most versatile character actors. Twice Hollywood offered movie contracts, but New York was George's dish. He loved Broadway with its familiar haunts and sights and smells. A man's man, he was one of "the boys" in his own gang. Nightly they'd swap stories in Greenwich Village at Romany Marie's. Food was charged on the cuff—between shows. When George began to get the breaks, he more often took the checks.

Featured with Brian Donlevy in "What Price Glory," as the ballet master in "You Can't Take It With You" (the part that Mischa Auer played in the movie version), George was finally offered more money than he had ever seen, so he succumbed to Hollywood.

Meanwhile Harold played bits in Paramount pictures in New York and then came to Hollywood. Working regularly in an unspectacular way, he had a good car, a nice house, plenty of clothes and friends, who proved to be friends only as long as he had money.

One February day in 1939 during a practice polo match, Harold's horse collided with another player. He was thrown and kicked on both legs by both horses. His crushed body was taken to the hospital where doctors shook their heads. Hopeless, they said. The girl, a blue-eyed flaxen-haired Hollywood doll, whom Harold was to marry in June, came to the hospital long enough to faint at the sight she saw. She returned his ring. Their four-year romance was over. He never saw her again.

One leg was amputated above the knee. With the loss of his leg, his future, his girl, his friends, life looked hopeless, a complete blackout for Harold.

Doctor and hospital bills and special treatments soon consumed his entire savings. His fine car, his furniture and his home were sold to meet the bills. Turned out alone to face the world, heartsick, his pride forbidding a plea for help to his mother, Harold found one friend, an extra out of work, who permitted him to sleep on a living room couch. There was no money and Harold's torn body required X-ray treatments to ease the pain and promote the circulation of the severed arteries.

"How do you get around to the studios?" George asked.

"I get on the street car," Harold had replied. "I can use my one leg and the crutches."

George thought a few moments. "Say, fellow," he offered. "I've got no one depending on me. I'm new out here. Supposing I drive over and take you to work and take you home?"

"George began driving me in his car," Harold tells. "He'd try to pass off his kindness as nothing. But it's not easy helping a man in and out of a car, handing him his crutches, waiting on him at every turn. Still George would dismiss it all, embarrassed if I would try to express my gratitude.

"A few days later George moved me out to his house to live with him. I know sacrifices many evenings with friends, rather than leave me alone. His agent and st friends are always calling to invite him dinner or parties at Ciro's. But Geo takes me to quiet restaurants where food is good and we spend long even over dinner.

"In the beginning George never spoke me much. He respected my wish that mother shouldn't hear of my misfort It would be a terrible shock to her we knew.

"Once Winchell and then Fidler ca to verify facts that George was taking of me—but George talked them out printing the story. It would be great p licity for George, they insisted. But fin they had to respect George's wish that story must not reach print; that my mot must not know."

"I need a good secretary, Haro George said one day. "You can handle job. Answer the telephone, the fan m sort of look out after me." He began p ing me a small salary, to make me quite independent.

"A year went by. Then a few months a my other leg began to discolor and sw The doctors were powerless to do anyth to save it. For weeks I couldn't sleep cause of the pain. George was alwa bringing a new doctor, some new medicin Lots of nights he'd sit quietly by my b Then just before this Christmas I w to the hospital for the amputation of other leg.

"George paid all of the bills. He was the hospital every minute he could spa away from the studio. When I was rea to come home, George surprised me. had bought a new house. A ranch house San Fernando Valley. 'It doesn't have single step in it, Harold,' George a nounced. 'When you come home we're g ing to get you a wheel chair and you be able to wheel all over the place. Do you worry, fellow. You'll be good as ne

"Folks wonder why George should so much for me. I can't explain it. Exce to say I could never tell the half George's completely unselfish devotion a concern for me. No one else would wait a man and give the personal care Geor has given me. He might have put me an institution, or hired a servant to ta care of me. But George has cared for m himself. Lifting me out of bed each mor ing. Cooking my breakfast. Taking me the studio with him. And to dinner at nigh Never leaving me home alone.

"Even when he has dates with gi friends, he always manages to get the gi to bring another so we can be a foursom

"Many actors give money freely. But all Hollywood there has never been a actor to give so freely of himself."

Now that the long months of pain a past, George is beginning the rehabilitati of Harold's activities. His personal effo has given Harold new faith in himsel made him believe that his life is not ove that he is not doomed to hopeless invalidis But as George Tobias' closest friend, h confidant and secretary, he too has a jo to do, to prove that George has not mi placed his faith and trust in him.

"Got to watch the weight, Harold George will say. "We got to get you tw new legs one of these days. You don't wa to have extra weight to carry when yo learn to walk again."

Encouraging Harold to diet, George s the example and shed forty pounds himsel Eating was a major interest in George

It's Tough To Be Single in Hollywood!

MANY A GIRL may think it's tough to be single anywhere—but let Lana Turner illustrate that it's tougher in Hollywood! Pursued by photographers who foresee elopements and reporters who scent romances, an unmarried star can't even enjoy her misery in private, without being hounded by rumors! An everyday emotion for ordinary girls becomes a bane for a star —and a penetrating photo-scoop for Screen Guide!

Other Scoops in July Screen Guide:

War Comes to the Newlyweds! And now Brenda Marshall will have to get along without her Bill Holden.

Squire Morgan Surrenders! Frank Morgan couldn't be photographed—but our camermen captured him for a photo-story of his way of life and good times!

Jane Russell Still Has A Chance! The girl who gave Hollywood her all in sex appeal may succeed yet!

What Happens to War Heroes? Review the struggles of Ronald Colman to see how heroes "carry on!"

"My Fight Is Over!" says Gene Tierney. At long last, here is the finale to her family feuds!

ALSO: Color portraits you'll cherish of Paulette Goddard, Ann Sheridan, Dorothy Lamour and Lynn Bari. Plus pages of intimate, on-the-spot gossip, fashion news, beauty tips, movie reviews—all in Screen Guide!



SCREEN GUIDE

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. A gourmet of every type of food it always been his particular delight to t many restaurants and spend a long ning ordering special dishes and enjoy- them.

But I had to get Harold to diet. You ldn't expect me to eat everything and n nothing," George says. "Besides, I 't want to get typed on the screen. d—well, it wasn't all for Harold that I t the weight. I heard a kid say in a w one night where 'Sgt. York' was run- g, 'There comes that fat George Tobias.' , I won't be typed that way."

A streamlined wheel chair with the latest vices conveys Harold about the ranch use. George has never left him alone at ht. And during the present defense ergency George had Harold commis- ned a member of the air-raid-warden uad, along with himself. Harold is desk . while George walks his beat from to twelve at night.

Harold relates one call George answered. lady said she heard planes overhead dur- g a blackout. The drone of plane motors oved to be a vacuum sweeper next door. George carefully shields Harold from ty. "Do you know what happened to arold and me today?" he'll begin. "Well, arold was sitting in the car in a restricted ne while I dashed into a store. The cop me along and began to write a ticket. arold pointed to his legs and said how was just out of the hospital and a friend as driving him about. By the time I got ck to the car the cop had torn up the cket."

After the second amputation the word nally reached his mother in the east. She mediately telephoned and demanded to now the truth which had been kept from er for two years. So now for the first me it can be told.

If it hadn't been for George Tobias, who plays those sinister or jovial rôles, his memorable diamond swindler in "South of Suez," his humorous soldier in "Sgt. York," his barber in "Strawberry Blonde," his current Greek farmer in "Juke Girl," Harold Ramer today might be a charity object, a beggar with a tin cup on the street corner. Instead, he's a young man of 30 whose faith in his own ability has been restored by the faith of his friend.

When George first came to Hollywood he longed to return to New York. Often he said, "I wouldn't buy anything here I couldn't put on the Santa Fe and ship back to New York." New York was his very life. But to insure Harold a home to meet his needs of wheel chair transportation, he purchased the ranch house built on one level without steps. Strictly bachelor quarters it is without a single feminine touch.

"Sure, I might get married some day," George says. But actually he's had little time for dates. Usually he and Harold take a couple of girls to dinner and for a ride in the station wagon. But George has never fallen in love with any "one girl." Rather he gets more enthused about his horses. He just purchased the Tom Mix stables from the Mix estate and had them moved to his ranch to house the Tobias horses.

"Whenever George gets interested in a girl and is about to pop the question, he sees a new silver saddle, or a new horse, and falls in love with it," his friends say. "When George was a child he was crazy about animals," his brother relates. "He was in love with 'Lizzie the cow.' If mother ever missed him, she always knew she'd find him out in the barn feeding sugar to Lizzie."

Because of his keen interest in defense work George's neighbors have offered to run George for mayor of Sherman Oaks in the valley. George is proud of the nomination and takes the campaign seriously, passing out cigars and kissing all the pretty babies and tipping his hat to their mothers in true old-time campaign style.

In the last war George enlisted as a fifteen-year-old youngster by lying about his age. In the present war he is doing his bit, along with thousands of others.

His hobby is western attire. He practically supports the saddleries in San Fernando Valley single-handed, has acquired all types of fancy tooled leather and silver studded saddles, belts, chaps, hats and outfits.

At the studio he goes about roping everybody. Animate or inanimate objects. Once when he lassoed Miss Bette Davis off her feet, he apologized: "I'm sorry, Miss Davis, but when I got a rope in my hand everyone looks like calves."

George's Broadway friends warned him when he first came to Hollywood, "Don't play in 'B' pictures. Stand up for your rights. Don't let Hollywood push you around!" For six months George waited for an "A" assignment. Nothing happened. So George stepped into Ann Sothern's first "Maisie" playing the circus barker.

"There I sat before the camera picking my teeth. That's a simple thing to do, pick your teeth with a toothpick. But I could hear the actors on the sidelines saying: 'A New York actor. Isn't he wonderful!'

"I decided if picking your teeth in pictures is wonderful—this acting was pretty soft. I'd do more of it. I began playing everything they gave me. I made sixteen pictures last year, sometimes working in three at a time.

"Hollywood's all right. I'm here to stay now. I used to have a notion I'd go back to New York. But that's before I got Harold. Somebody has to look out for him. I'm alone and well, I'm able to. So I nominated myself for the job."

Which has proven to be Hollywood's greatest friendship.

He's No Exhibitionist

Continued from page 51

broke down and cried. "Come, come now, missy," he soothed her, adding a warming pat on the back, "tell your Uncle Barnacle all about it." Lifting her streaming face, she sobbed, "Every-everybody comes to me for a good time, b-but I-*I* never have any fun."

By now our waitress had returned with a piece of apple pie. Had I, by rare fortune, wondered its prospective consumer, ever tasted the one and only M-G-M make? I muttered something about its being the best in the world. "How right, how absolutely right you are!" was his glowing confirmation. He only wished his Filipino cook could see eye-to-eye with me in this matter. That earnest fellow, it appeared, had tried his hand at baking dough and apples, but the result left something to be desired. Accordingly, Mr. Pidgeon brought home from the studio a sample of the real thing. In the garage he put it down under his car momentarily while he tinkered with the engine. Then, taking it into the kitchen, he bade the Filipino to make a pie exactly like it. So literally was this order carried out that when the brown-crusted triumph was set proudly before the master of the house it bore a distinct and high flavor of motor oil!

As he threw back his head for the laugh on himself, Mr. Pidgeon apparently sighted a friend in need who would serve his all too evident stalling purpose, for he jumped up and sang out, "Arthur, old boy, come over here, there's someone I want you to meet!" From a neighboring table like a lamb—anyway, good English mutton—to the slaughter, came the noted London playwright, Arthur Wimperis, who had worked on the motion picture version of "Mrs. Miniver," starring Mr. Pidgeon with the scintillant Greer Garson. A constant play of wit flashed between the jovial Canadian and the slyly whimsical Briton until Mr. Wimperis remembered he had to work for a living and took himself off with a parting shaft.

Leaning back and drawing gratefully on his pipe, Mr. Pidgeon was content to say that ours had been a good, satisfying talk. Far from sharing this view, I could only remind him that not for a single moment had he talked seriously of himself.

"But I don't take myself seriously," he protested, visibly shocked at the mere suggestion. "If I did, that would mean great danger of turning out to be a pain in the neck. It would also mean the beginning of the end."

Desperately, as though to fortify himself against so dire a fate, he ordered another piece of pie. Not that this Canadian Clark Gable was in the least peril. Only his honesty, individual and professional, marked him. He simply refused, with a sort of big-boyish frankness, to be impressed by himself, this in spite of the fact that within the year he had made greater strides than any other Hollywood actor. His whole-souled, forceful performances in "Blossoms in the Dust" and "How Green Was My Valley," not to mention still other advances in so short a time, had carried him forward with a swiftness which might well have left him dizzy with success. But Walter Pidgeon had kept his head on his shoulders, rather than in the clouds, and both feet on the ground.

And now he was down to earth with: "Please understand that while I don't take myself seriously, I *do* take my work seriously. It's of first and last importance to me. If you're serious about that, the result will be convincing. Even so, trying too hard may prove to be a mistake. At least, that was true in my case at the start. I was selling bonds in Boston when, one night, I went to a party and sang two or three songs. I was asked, 'Are you with a show?' 'No,' I told Fred Astaire, for it was no less than he who had put the question. 'With a voice like that,' Astaire was more than kind to say, 'you ought to be in musical comedy.' He volunteered to speak to Charles B. Dillingham about me. It wasn't long before a letter took me to New York. Through the Dillingham office, Arthur Hammerstein had offered me a part in one of his musical productions. But Dillingham's secretary, Vera Murray, who knew all the answers, warned me, 'Without any previous Broadway experience, you can't step into the leading rôle of a New York show and expect to get away with it.' She advised me to go back to Boston and wait for a less important engagement. A month or so later, Miss Murray wrote me that Elsie Janis was going on a concert tour and that this might be a good chance for me. It was really Miss Janis who took the chance when she opened her tour at Aeolian Hall in New York. Mine was the saddest experience a man ever had. In the first half of the concert I went on to sing three songs. Standing on that platform in a cutaway and striped trousers, I must have looked like a scared undertaker, and I certainly felt like one. Cold with fear of failure, I tried so desperately to overcome it that my throat went dry. During the intermission I overheard Miss Janis' manager saying to her in her dressing room: 'Wherinell did you get that song strangler? He's the worst I ever heard!' That settled me. Feeling sure I was 'through' with the end of that first performance, I stopped worrying about making good and relaxed. This change of attitude toward myself was, unwittingly, just the thing to turn the trick. Going back for three more songs, I sang them with no trouble at all, and to everybody's amazement, including my own, got three encores. That experience, with the happy result that I was to hold my job, made me realize I had tried too hard the first time and taught me a lesson—never again to take myself seriously."

So it was that he sang himself into a London revue with Miss Janis as well as several Broadway shows. But when I assumed he had been an equally merry troubadour in his earlier pictures, he just grinned at one recollection. It had to do with a 1930 film which reassuringly advertised: "This is a picture in which it is positively guaranteed that Walter Pidgeon will sing only one song." But that really wasn't quite so bad as it sounded. You see, the public then had grown a bit tired of screen musicals and for that reason both producers and exhibitors were using soft pedal.

When I wondered whether acting had been a second thought of his, he said: "I always had it in the back of my mi It was put there, perhaps, by John Bar more, Leo Ditrichstein and Cyril Mat They were my gods of the theater. At t time I thought Barrymore the grea actor of them all—still think so, for t matter. He can play anything, trage comedy, farce, and play it brilliantly. Sh me another actor who can do this—th isn't one. The day I was sailing for E land with Miss Janis this admiration mine almost cost me my job. Going to Barrymore in 'Beau Brummel,' I through the picture a second time just study his work and nearly missed the b Miss Janis was anxiously hanging over rail as I made the gang-plank. When I plained the reason for my delay, she s 'Well, you couldn't have a better excus

It was in a rowboat on the river at John, New Brunswick, his birthplace, t young Walter played his first imaginat parts, re-enacting stories of his grandfath who had been a sea captain. He hims would have been a businessman had followed in the footsteps of his fath owner of wholesale and retail general m chandise stores throughout Canada. the call of the water was mixed with t of the wild, for only an hour's walk fr the house were woods that teemed w game.

"And there never was a better setting inspire dreams of an adventurous futur he now remarked.

As to how he had learned acting, Pidgeon merely waved aside his highly veloped skill with an embarrassed gest and observed: "Oh, acting's like swimm —you just fool around till you get hang of it. Maybe the trick of getting i in losing self-consciousness. I think greatest example of this is furnished the excellence of colored entertainers. T are not at all self-conscious, and this counts for their complete naturalness realistic abandon. In my short experie with men and women just starting in led to conclude that women seem less s conscious than men. Whether they have knack of adapting themselves more eas I don't know. Maybe it's their charm. C tainly this charm of theirs is a great as In a man I don't think that looks count a thing. Personality and animation, t same animation that vitalizes colored e tertainers, are infinitely more importa Kids, young girls, might possibly fall an actor's looks, but that's as far as goes." He shook his head vigorously at suggestion of women's susceptibility to handsome actor. "Anyway, I've never



Donald M. Barry, Fay McKenzie and Alan Curtis as they appear in Republic's exciting film melodrama, "RememberPearlHarbor."



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ed anything of the sort. Sitting at a pre-
w of a picture in which I happen to have
part I simply keep watching things on
e screen and thinking how differently I'd
them if they could be done over again."
It was typical of him that he had nothing
say of his personal attributes, and when
ventured to touch upon this point, not
be overlooked in his case, he replied de-
sively: "I never have appraised my own
alities, if any. Do you think my physique
s helped me? I can only answer that by
ying your physique is something you've
d all your life, and so you don't think
ything about it. If you're sick and then
t well again, you're thankful and go on
th your work. And where does physique
me in with an actor when the king of
box offices is Mickey Rooney?"
That stopped me. I could only beat around
ying to find something that this unduly
odest actor would admit as having been
good to him, and out of the attempt
ally came: "What did me the most good
the time I needed it most was the picture
th Deanna Durbin, 'It's a Date.' I'd never
d a really good picture up to that time;
was the best part I'd ever had in a swell
cture with a very big star. The Nick
arter pictures also were helpful in giving
e a new following among the youth of
merica, and I liked them very much. As
r 'How Green Was My Valley,' I loved
the whole story. Then, of course, there
as 'Blossoms in the Dust,' another fine
cture bringing with it an equally fine
portunity. But I can't take myself, suc-
ss or failure, seriously. The most I can
o is to think I have developed a philosophy
life, if you can call it that, which will
ep me on an even keel through good
mes and bad. And I've had plenty of the
d with the good. It's probably closer to
e truth to say I was knocked around
ollywood so long and so hard that any
go I ever may have had was completely
nocked out of me. Anyway, I'm dead sure
ll never have any delusions of grandeur."
I, too, felt sure of that. But please let
e add that Walter Pidgeon's confirmed
odesty must not be taken to mean he eats
umble pie. He prefers apple.

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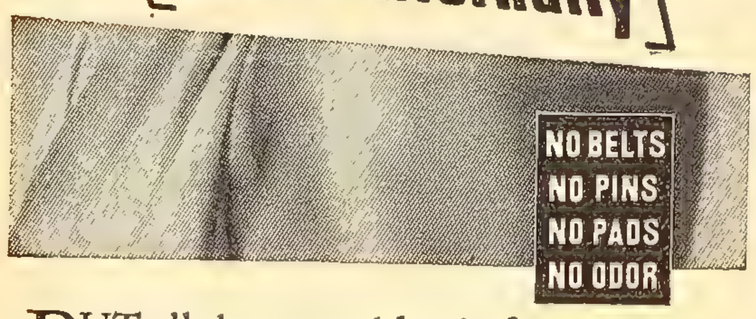
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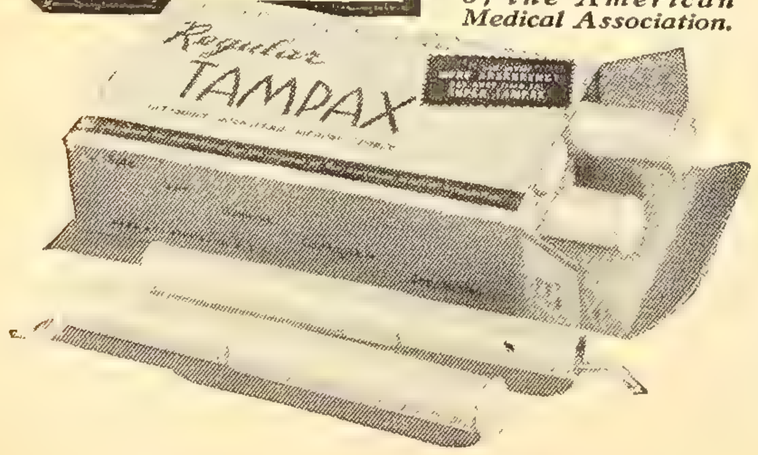
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"Don't Be Afraid to Marry Young!" says Tim Ho

Continued from page 27

new picture, "The Magnificent Ambersons." "I was twenty—I'm twenty-three now—and she was nineteen. I can certainly say that I'm more than glad that we married young. I think that if a person marries young—in his late teens or early twenties—he is less apt to be set in his ideas. He will be more anxious to make the sacrifices that every marriage involves. He won't shudder at obligations. Instead he'll be glad of them. It's been my observation that the older a person gets the harder it is for him to think of someone else beside himself, and that is the biggest adjustment to be made in marriage. Young couples who marry have time to build a life together, to find it easier to see the rightness and reason in the needs and requests of the other. They are more inclined to be unselfish and to say 'our' instead of 'my' or 'mine' when referring to the possessions that make the home. Mutual consideration, then, is very important.

"Marriage is necessarily dependent on how easily adjustments can be made. How easy it is to sidetrack your own wants in favor of your wife's or husband's. In this respect, a young person has the advantage over an older person. Marriage to him is something of a challenge instead of a way to attain just ordinary security. Each new problem that arises is just another step toward progress and happiness in the home instead of a burden that is dull and boring. And young people don't look upon the building of a home as something to do. To them it's an exhilarating experience. A thrill. And a chance to put into effect the ideas each has had. It's something like putting concrete under a dream.

"But, above all, marriage requires good judgment, a sincere love, and cooperation. Its success depends on a desire to make it last and a willingness to share and to sacrifice for each other."

Unlike many young couples who want to marry, Tim and Virginia met no parental objection. One big problem was erased.

"Our parents felt that we knew our own minds well enough," Tim asserted. "They could see no great risk. And we definitely didn't. We knew we were in love, and that was all that mattered. I'd never advise any young couple, however, to marry against the wishes of the parents unless those wishes were obviously possessive ones. I do believe, on the other hand, that young marriages would be more successful if parents would give the kids a chance to lead their own lives and to let them work out their own problems. Much of the fun of marriage is in correcting the mutual mistakes.

"Virginia and I have been let to live our own lives. And we're as much in love now as we were when we were married. We have a fine two-year-old son, and we've had the fun of watching a home grow through cooperation and understanding. We have a lot to look forward to in our life together. And we've never been bored once. There have always been too many things to do, too many new experiences to confront. And, above all, we haven't stopped planning.

"For one thing, we want two more children. No marriage is complete without children. Some young people say, 'We'll have a baby when we get the furniture or the car paid for.' I think that if a couple really wants to have a baby, somehow something can be sacrificed to make such a thing possible. It all depends on how sincere the desire for children is. Some kids today have the idea that marriage is more fun if it's unhampered by the added responsibility of a child. But they don't think of the fut when a baby would enrich their lives. W there would be something to make th feel that the joy and fun of life ha disappeared.

"There is nothing like children to kee young marriage happy. They also help build security. At least, such is Virgin and my idea. We want to be able to twenty years from now, 'We haven't mis a thing. Nothing is lacking in our marria It is complete.'"

The story of Tim's marriage is one those things that Booth Tarkington mi have written. It's full of the unexpect the pathos, the comedy, and the inspi tional. In short, it's a yarn that other yo people may want to pattern after. It started one evening not so long ago. Ab three years and a half to be exact. Tim v invited to a sorority party by his cl friend, Hal Roach, Jr. When he and H arrived at the house, they were gree pleasantly and with a great amount of p priety. Soon Hal and his girl friend fou themselves engaged in a spirited game backgammon. Tim stood first on one f and then the other, getting more bored a disgusted every minute. Finally, his e fell on a very lovely girl sitting by herse She smiled back at him as he smiled at h He went over to talk to her. And bef the evening was over, Virginia Mae As craft and Tim Holt had recognized t spark. When he left the house that nig Tim asked her for a date. She accepted.

This dating went on for about a ye Occasionally, they'd go to a movie. On in a while they'd go to a dance, "whenev Virginia could drag me to one," Tim sa But from that first evening, neither h eyes for anyone else.

Tim was, of course, busy with his pictu making. He was in his glory playing t western rôles. And he had his ranch th he was putting into shape. Just in case. .

He had bought fifteen acres in the S Fernando Valley and was building a fou room house through the help of the FH one of the few things he ever bought time. He did all of the work on the ranc He built his own chicken houses; he add to the house; he built his stables for h four horses; he worked his acres of alfalf He was becoming the typical rancher.



Lynn Bari not only gets her first big rôle i "The Magnificent Dope," but has two impor tant leading men opposite her: Henry Fonda above, and Don Ameche, on facing page



's Lynn with Don Ameche, who plays the man in her *movie* life. Lynn is fortu- to be able to have two of the screen's desirable leading men playing with her.

hen he and Virginia talked about get- married, the ranch seemed the logical e. While the house wasn't the last l in modern conveniences, it didn't to bother Virginia much.

Virginia turned out to be a pretty good ner," Tim said. "She felt, as I did, that the place was there, it would be sh not to move into it. So that much settled anyway."

m isn't likely to forget his wedding Everything that could possibly happen with a great deal of surprise thrown o begin with, he met his father at the in Pasadena early in the morning. n he went to the studio where he was ing "Stagecoach." After that, Tim hied elf out to Selznick to see George or about playing both twins in "Gone h the Wind." Then back to United sts. After he finished there, he went Columbia to check on some stills. When evening rolled around, he went to the ine Auditorium to appear in a benefit v. While he was on the stage, some es that were being used in the show ded to run wildly off the stage. This 't help matters much, and Tim and rs involved spent an agonizing few nents getting the show back in running er.

When the evening was over, Tim de- d that this, of all times, was the time get married!

Virginia and I had talked about getting ried before," he said, "but every time d make any plans, I'd have to go into icture and we'd have to postpone the lding. So on this night, we got into open car and drove all night until we ne to Yuma. I wasn't exactly a romantic ht, what with my long hair. I wanted least to get a haircut for my wedding, my work in 'Stagecoach' wouldn't mit it. After the wedding, we drove ht back to the ranch. And so began our rriage."

The date was December 10, 1938.

By January 15, 1940, the baby, named nce, arrived. And their problems were t beginning.

"Our ranch house had the very peculiar bit of unleashing all its heretofore hidden onveniences once we were settled. We n discovered that in a wind storm, the ctricity would suddenly go off. And that oved more than a handicap with the by."

Tim proceeded to give out with stories t few fans would ever think possible in life of a movie star. Such things uldn't happen, they'd say. But, surpris- gly enough, they did!

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"More than once," Tim continued, "we'd have to give the baby his two o'clock feeding by candlelight. When a wind storm would come up—as it often did—not only the lights would go out but our electric stove would cease to function. So we'd have to heat the baby's bottle on an oil stove. This probably sounds very pioneerish; well, it *was* a little inconvenient. But Virginia never once complained. I realize now that it wasn't easy for her to live like that, yet whenever she'd look as though she was at her wit's end, she'd say something funny and we'd both laugh. That is important to every young married couple —the ability to laugh away the little annoyances and troubles that invariably come up. Once you take them seriously, they begin to grow until they are completely out of proportion. And the couple has grown farther and farther apart."

The situation at Tim's house became far from laughable when the baby was about four months old.

One day, they noticed that Lance had a bad rash all over his body. Yes, I know it's usual for babies to have rash, but the young Holt child's condition wasn't exactly usual. The doctor was called in. The pronouncement was that the baby was suffering from an allergy of some kind. Probably from the alfalfa and hay on the ranch. So the Holt family decided to move to the Pacific Palisades and to leave the ranch for Tim's spare moments.

"After we moved to the Palisades," Tim continued, "we settled down to a normal life. We chose our present house because it suited our budget and provided the required amount of room. I still go back to the ranch often to tend to my four horses and to keep things in shape. There is a caretaker on the place at all times, but I like to do as much of the work as possible. I wouldn't think of selling the ranch. It's too fine an investment to let go by the boards.

"Now that we are settled, it's amazing, as we look back on our early marriage days, that we were ever able to lead a sane life. Two days after we were married, I had to go to a barren, rough place on location. I had to leave Virginia home because the studio wouldn't let me take her with me. When I returned home a couple of days later, I was surprised not to find Virginia about. I called her, and then suddenly, from our bedroom, I heard her scream. I ran to the room, opened the door, and was met by my Great Dane. In a corner stood Virginia, paralyzed with fright. I took one look at my dog and realized that he had gone insane. I knew that it would be impossible for me to do anything but go outside and try to get into the room from the window. On the way out, I grabbed my gun. From the window, I saw the Great Dane ready to leap at Virginia, so there was only one thing left for me to do. I raised my gun and shot the animal. Later, I learned that the dog had eaten a poisoned squirrel. I doubt if I shall ever forget those few moments.

"Virginia had never liked the dog, but she said little because she knew how fond of him I was. Her patience in handling the animal and in standing for his habit of licking her on the face really taught me how great a factor patience is in marriage.

"Even the episode with the dog didn't seem enough for us. Two days after Lance was born, I was sent to Arkansas on a personal appearance tour. But the amusing part of our hectic marriage was supplied by Virginia's doctor himself.

"Two weeks before Lance was born, I got a call from him. Very excited, he yelled into the phone, 'Come over quickly. My



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Manuel del Campo, with his new wings as a Pilot Officer in the R.C.A.F., visits his wife, Mary Astor, on the set at Warners where she's making "Across the Pacific."

dog's having puppies and I could use your help.' I went over and found that the mother had already dropped one puppy and had walked away from it. The doctor had called me because he knew that I was more familiar with animals than he. After the situation was well in hand, we both had a big laugh. It was an ironical business, as we both agreed.

"Things have, fortunately, been more stable recently. Yes, I've been getting home late from the studio, of course, and having to leave early in the morning, but still we've been able to lead a semblance of a married life."

Tim used to help unstabilize things by arriving home for dinner unexpectedly. Several times he'd come dashing in the house early and say to Virginia, "Well, here I am." She would simply look at him and say, "So I see, but why didn't you call?" She had asked him this question over and over, but he always forgot to telephone. As a result, she was kept on the jump trying to have something ready for his dinner in case he came home early. And her job wasn't made easier by having to tend to the baby and take care of their home. P. S. Tim has recently hired a cook, his one and only servant.

"I admit I wasn't very considerate at times in those days," Tim said. "I'd be so engrossed in my own work that I'd forget what Virginia was doing. Young married couples are more sensitive than older people. And it's pretty important for the husband to come home and show a real interest in the work the wife has done, to ask her how the baby behaved, and to compliment her on the appearance of the house and on the dinner she cooked. Oh, yes, the wife can show an interest in her husband's work. And neither should complain to the other about how hard everything was during the day. The more they complain, the sooner one or the other gets annoyed because he thinks his hard work isn't being properly appreciated. These are little things, I admit, but it's the little things that add up. And it's consideration of these small items that help to promote harmony in a young home."

When Tim and Virginia moved into their Palisades place, they didn't furnish the whole house at once.

"I have never believed in buying anything on credit," Tim explained, "so we furnishe only the rooms we had money for. We' glad now, because one room that was le empty is now serving as a playroom f Lance and about eight of his neighborhoo friends. There's a sand pile, gymnastic bar all kinds of toys; in fact, everything amuse the younger generation. The noi that emanates from that room where Lan and his friends are all playing is som thing!"

Among Lance's friends are Bust Crabbe's two children, Laurence Olivier son by his first marriage to Jill Esmon and about seven other youngsters.

"Speaking of paying cash for everything Tim went on, "I know that in many cas with young couples, it is not always possib to avoid buying on the instalment plan. I such instances, I can only say that it better to suit your living to your pocke book and to use credit—when necessary-wisely and sparingly. No home can reall be happy when every cent of a husband salary goes for bills and when there has t be arguments about spending money for li tle desired luxuries. Buying on credit ha much to do with some of the disharmony i many younger married couples' lives. The get bill-conscious and that leads to argu ments and unhappiness.

"Also, as regards finances, argumen usually result if the wife works. The hus band has a lot of manly pride in his boso and his idea of marriage is to be the so provider for his wife. She may only be try ing to help the budget, so the only way t overcome this situation is to set aside pa of each salary for the household and let th rest of the money go for individual want I think it's better for the husband to pa the bills for once he lets his wife help to much, she begins to think she is not gettin any good from her money, and he begins t feel that he's not doing his full job. I ma be old-fashioned, but I think that it's bette for the wife not to work."

Tim is especially proud of Virginia bot as a wife and as a mother. As he says, "Sh is a perfect mother. And she has bee smart enough not to let the baby disarrang her life. She has kept herself continuall occupied with other interests too. Lately she has taken up Red Cross work. He favorite hobby is pinning bandages on m when I'm working in my dark room. Yes

hotography is one of my pet hobbies. "It's very important, I believe, that the ife have other interests besides the baby. f her mind is occupied with other things, he baby isn't as apt to be such a problem nd task. And there won't be a tendency n her part to dramatize the difficulty of er job as a mother."

The joy of their life is, of course, Lance. nd what a character this two-year-old is! or one thing, he has seven girl friends and indifferent to them all. His vocabulary an item in his growth that has given him distinct personality. One of the first ords he learned was "No," so now he says in answer to everything. His other accomplishment along the Webster line was iscovering the word, "Daddy." Now everyne is Daddy to him. His favorite toys, to ake him even more interesting, are not eddy bears or the like, but kitchen utenls. Whenever Virginia is making a cake, ance is in the middle of the affair banging way with the pans.

"It's a wonderful thing to have a baby hen you're young," Tim said to me. "The usband and wife can sort of grow up ith their baby and can understand him etter. If a couple wait too long before ey have a child, they're apt to be more mpatient with him and to grow away om him."

As a husband, Tim has made one mistake. t least, the one he regrets more than any ther.

"One day, I got very ambitious," he said, nd decided to clean our eight-room house. Vell, we have big rooms and there is a t of floor space. I worked like a Trojan nd when I had finished, I proudly said to irginia, 'Well, how do you like it?' She eamed on me and replied, 'Fine. In fact, ou did it so well, you can do the cleaning om now on!'" He turned to me and sked, "Do you know any way out of such situation?" Then he laughingly added, It really doesn't hurt a husband to do some ork around the house occasionally, though. Vashing a few dishes or mopping the floor r even making the baby's formula isn't oing to detract seriously from his position s the head of the house. And by helping h the house, his wife will have more time o help him with his problems. Mind you, m not recommending this as a steady iet, but it doesn't hurt at times."

Tim—whose real name is Charles John ut who was called Tim by the senior Holts' Irish maid—and Virginia agree on ractically everything. When they do disgree, they sit down quietly without any ysterics and discuss the situation calmly. oon everything is ironed out. They have nade it a practice never to argue even in mild fashion in front of the baby, for they on't want him to be involved in any disgreement. On the whole, however, Tim nd Virginia find little to fuss about. Their nterests are the same. She doesn't care nuch for gardening, but she does share his version to formal clothes and parties. They seldom go dancing, but they attend novies quite regularly. They both prefer arbecue dinners to formal shindigs. And hey both like to hunt. His gift to her last Christmas was an oil painting of the baby.

Such is a picture of a happy marriage, ne based on tolerance, understanding and o-operation. One begun by youth, develped in youth, and built with the ideals of outh. It's worked for Tim and Virginia. And it may work for *you*.

Editor's Note:

Tim Holt, who enlisted as a cadet in the Air Corps, has been deferred by the Army for sixty days in order to permit RKO to film the entire series of six westerns which they had scheduled and in which Tim plays the cowboy lead. Six pictures in sixty days! Whee! That's some record.

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Confessions of a Hollywood Heel

Continued from page 30

He has always felt so much like an American, he hasn't taken time out to make it official.

"There was no show business in the family blood," he reveals. "I'm the black sheep of the Carsons—the first and only one who ever went in for acting. The family didn't mention it for years, except *sotto voce*. They were that disappointed.

"My Dad was an insurance man. He did all right at it, too. In fact, he did so well at it, he rather hoped his son would carry on in his footsteps. His son carried on, all right, but not in the hoped-for manner. After two years of college, the dean asked me to leave. But that was where I first dabbled in dramatics, when I wasn't dabbling in football and swimming.

"I went back home and tried the insurance business. But I saw no charm in spending my life making estates for people. I guess I just wasn't serious-minded. The way I looked at it, I could have a lot more fun batting around the country as a comedian. I didn't foresee that I would eventually become a heel.

"So I bought a ticket to Chicago, to see what I could line up for myself. I met another guy—named Dave Willock—fresh out of college, who also wanted to get on the stage. We decided to team up. We spent most of one Sunday night writing an act in a hotel room in Chicago. We didn't know anything about jokes, so we concocted a couple of travesties—Courtship in the 1890's, and Courtship in the late 1920's. In our boyish innocence, we didn't realize that that sort of thing had been done to death. But also in our innocence, we didn't imitate anybody. So while we had an old act, we had a new approach. It was good for some laughs, especially with Dave playing The Girl.

"Then, by sheer accident—everything good that has ever happened to me has been an accident—we hit on something for an encore that had *never* been done before: an imitation of a newsreel. Which, in time, was hopped on by everybody in the business. It's still being used on the air and still getting laughs.

"Monday morning, we took our act to a booking office. Wednesday we were playing to our first audience. We got started that fast. For a while, we went along all right. Then came the debacle; vaudeville started folding. There was one spell when we didn't work for ten months. I almost went back

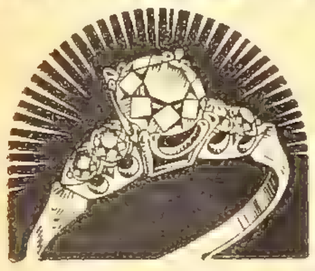


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into the insurance business. Finally we wound up in Seattle, and started working out of there, doing one-night stands. After six months of that, we split up. After six months of that, any team would split up.

"I worked by myself a couple of years in night clubs, stock companies, even walkathons. Then I landed a master-of-ceremonies spot in a Kansas City theater. I did a little wisecracking and I did a little singing. I began to have a feminine following, of sorts. Any male singer, even if he had only one arm, would still have a feminine following. But the manager of the theater thought I was somebody Hollywood ought to know about."

Jack shakes his head about the myopia of theater managers. "I kept shaking my head then, too. I didn't feel that I had what it took to beat down any Hollywood gates. The manager wrote to the head of a certain studio. The Big Boss wrote to me, saying he'd like to test me. So I came out to do a test. The head man got one look at me, and said, 'No, no, you're not the movie type.' But he sent me to the studio dramatic coach, to see what the feminine vote might be. The lady said, 'No talent whatsoever.' That got me kinda mad. I wanted to stick around just to show people.

"The head man said he'd test me, anyway. I said, 'No, just give me my fare back to Kansas City.' So he gave me the fare and I went out and rented a room and started making the rounds of the studios, meanwhile taking some acting lessons on the side at a Little Theater.

"I worked as an extra for a spell. Then I began getting bits here and there at $25 a day. Then $50 a day. When I hit $75 a day, that was Shangri-La. And when RKO signed me to do character parts—well, that was the millennium.

"The understanding was that I would do comedy. And the first thing they assigned me *was* a comedy rôle—on loanout. I took it big. I killed guys on that sound-stage, with laughter. And the director, for some strange reason, let me run wild. I overdid everything. I mugged, I went in for wide gestures, and I shouted my lines. I was still playing to the last row in the balcony. And I was so conspicuously hammy, I cried when I saw the picture.

"The Front Office shuddered when *they* saw it. There were only so many comedy rôles in any picture—and, after that, they didn't quite trust me with any of them. So the rôles I got turned out to be heavies. That was the era of fast-talking guys. I played one after another—forty-one in one year, to be exact. A steady stream of louses.

"But I still wasn't a heel. There's a subtle difference between a heavy and a heel. A heavy is a no-good right from the start—a chronic criminal. A heel is a guy who goes through the motions of playing fair until a crisis comes along. Then he turns tricky."

Playing all those heavies, Jack developed one outstanding conviction: "Any comic, no matter how bad, can be a good heavy. I proved that. When I started playing those heavies, I didn't know anything about acting except telling a few corny jokes.

"But RKO used this pan of mine in so many pictures, all B's, that they finally got tired of seeing it after a year and a half. They let me go. I thought I was all washed up. Through. Finished. And maybe I would have been—if it hadn't been for Director Lewis Milestone. He was Fate in disguise.

"Milestone takes a fiendish delight in casting contrary to type and making it come out right. And he picked me to experiment with in 'Lucky Partners'—in the rôle of the insurance salesman who was Ginger Rogers' fiance. It's sort of funny that I had to play an insurance salesman to start going places as an actor.

"The character wasn't a dumb guy. He had a veneer of education. He was wise to the facts of life. He was even smart enough to try to make out that he was broad-minded, but on the q. t. he was also obeying the impulses of a jealous male. And playing both sides of the fence, he didn't outsmart anybody but himself.

"Any other director would have picked Ralph Bellamy for the rôle. It was right up Bellamy's alley. But Milestone was just perverse enough to want someone totally unexpected in the part. He tested fifty thousand guys for it, and finally got around to me. RKO threw up its hands. 'Why, he only plays bits,' they told Milestone. 'You don't want *him*. He's very hokey.' But Milestone kept saying, stubbornly 'He's the guy I want.' RKO finally gave in. And the first job I got, after they let me go, was right back on that lot.

"I realized it was my one big chance. Everybody knew what Rogers and Colman could do—but I was somebody they hadn't seen before, because they hadn't seen any of those B's I had been in, and I was playing the third most important rôle. I said to myself, 'If I can hit this, the momentum ought to carry me along for another year or so, anyway.' So, scared stiff, I gave it everything I had. I drew myself a mental picture of that character, and I hewed to those lines—with an almighty amount of help from Milestone.

"Ever since, I've been able to make a decent living—playing a diversification of heels. I think I've played every kind now but the rubber kind. That's why it baffles me when people ask, 'Are you really like you are on the screen?' Which heel are they referring to?"

There's one notable difference between Carson on the screen and Carson off it. "Invariably, on the screen," he points out, "I'm as brassy as a bugle. And, with mock modesty, I keep tooting my own horn. I suppose it's natural for people to wonder if I'm a big blowhard in person, too. Everybody knows that every actor has an exhibitionist complex, of sorts, or he wouldn't be an actor. But what everybody doesn't know is that a great many actors are only covering up inferiority complexes. I used to ask myself, when I first came to Hollywood, 'How do these movie people get so much brass, so much self-confidence?' It took me quite a while to find out that it was just a bluff. Get past that bluff and they're just as homey as anybody else, and just as afraid inside of not being liked. That guy over there in the corner"— he nodded toward Jimmy Cagney's table—"is a perfect example. On the screen, he plays guys who are cocky and as hard as nails. And off the screen he belittles everything he does, he's that afraid he isn't getting it across.

"Every night I tell my wife: 'They're going to find out some day that I'm not the actor I'm trying to make 'em think I am.'

"But I'm a little better at bluffing than I used to be. When I first came out here, I couldn't talk to people—I was that nervous inside. My agent would take me along to have me meet some producer, but once we got in the Big Man's office, I made about as much noise—and as much impression—as the upholstery on the furniture. My agent had to keep telling me, 'Give more of yourself away, when you meet these big shots. Don't be ashamed of what you've got to offer.'

"And Director Jack Conway did something for me when he said, 'You have a lot on the ball, but the trouble with you is, you have lard in your spine. When you play a scene with a couple of stars, remember you're just as important to *yourself* as they are to themselves.' I gritted these molars together and vowed: 'I'll polish that up a bit.'

"But I still have my troubles, when it comes to love scenes. I die with embarrassment. My hands get clammy, and my nerves go haywire. And it doesn't do any good for directors to remind me that there isn't any reason for me to feel self-conscious—that a movie love scene doesn't mean any more to an actress than a double-take does to a comic. I still have to give myself a big pep talk every time one comes along. I've tried to analyze this delirium tremens of mine in love scenes. And I think this is the explanation: when I see a guy on the screen making love to some beauty—unless he's Boyer or Colman or somebody like that—I cringe with pity for the poor guy, making such a spectacle of himself. When I find myself in the same spot on a movie set, I'm embarrassed for *myself*.

"One thing that helps to make it tough, working with women, is that so many of them have built themselves up in their own minds, and other people have built them up, until they actually believe they're supercreatures. Two great exceptions, who are down-to-earth, are Ann Sheridan and Olivia de Havilland.

"The necessity for love scenes in a hero's life is just one reason, though, why I don't want to play heroes. The other reason is: Heroes are all cut from the same pattern, but heels come in infinite variety. You have more chance to act—and also overact—playing a heel. All the action revolves around the louse in the story. He's the motivator of the suspense."

In other words, Jack enjoys playing heels. As if you could doubt it, seeing him play them. Therein, probably, is the explanation for the recent avalanche of Carson fan mail. Audiences always go for actors who relish their work. Only Jack's work is beginning to change, as a reward for his hard-won popularity. Warners (who have him under contract and kept him busy 51 weeks last year) are turning him loose on some sympathetic and semi-sympathetic rôles.

In "The Male Animal," he wasn't a heel—he was simply an amusing, hapless victim of circumstances. In "Larceny, Inc.," he played a straightforward part. In "Arsenic and Old Lace," as the cop, he was present to supply laughs. In "Wings of the Eagle," he started out as a cocky so-and-so, but turned out all right in the end and got the girl (Ann Sheridan). And he gets the girl (Ida Lupino, this time) in "The Hard Way," and, in addition, has a death scene to play.

Kay St. Germain—the girl he got in real life—was a radio singer when he met her. She was singing on the Signal Oil program, on which he was invited to be the comic. He's still on the Signal Hour, two years later, but Kay is voluntarily retired, and happily involved with "the new addition": John, Jr., born last October.

They live in a small house in the San Fernando Valley—"not," Jack points out, "in an unpretentious place of twelve or fourteen rooms." They have one servant. Jack plays golf on his days off, and the rest of the time stays fit with bar-bells, medicine balls and early-morning calisthenics, "all very depressing to think about." He and Mrs. C. play bridge, gin-rummy and poker, read a lot, and seldom go to night clubs. ("They're such gyps, as I know from having worked in them.")

Both he and his wife wear wedding rings. "The double-ring kind of matrimony is sort of anti-Hollywood, but we went into it whole-hog."

They have hundreds of acquaintances in the movie business, but most of their friends are outside the movies. "In self-protection, I like to get out of the atmosphere after working hours. I've seen so many people, who mean so well, get all involved with living up to a lot of publicity, not to mention the Joneses—until they're going around in circles and don't know where they are. And so many knives fly at Hollywood social gatherings, somebody's bound to get hurt."

That from the guy who has a reputation for playing heels!

We ask him if he has modeled any of his screen characters after actual people he has known. His answer is: "Yes—they're composites of a lot of human nature I've observed. There's a bit of chiseler in all of us. A lot of people, who are normally nice, would turn a little to make a semi-honest penny. But don't get me wrong. I love human nature."

"Her Cardboard Lover"

Continued from page 29

Miss Croyden?" Terry asked lightly.

"Of a maniac? Certainly," she said coolly.

Terry grinned at that. "What's a maniac? Humor him and he's like a kid." He took a step towards her and looked pointedly at the gardenia on her shoulder. "Will you give me that flower?"

"It's not real," Consuelo said quickly.

"I'm not a real maniac." Terry smiled.

"Besides it's sewed on." She tried to get away but there was no budging Terry standing so firmly in front of her.

"Wait," he begged. "You can't go yet. Please let's talk this over. I've got to know if you could ever fall in love with me?"

The color flamed in her cheeks. "You have my absolute positive, final promise I could not!"

"What makes you so sure?" Terry demanded. "How do you know there's not something I could say? Maybe in a minute, a few seconds I might think of something and I would like to make you smile just once. I've never seen you smile."

"Let me tell you something." It sounded almost as if it were to herself that she was speaking. "Making a doormat of yourself never gets you anywhere. A man or a woman in love who clings and begs should know how little hope there is in it and how much pain. People who do that, if they are taken up, are used and dropped again. You're a man. Stand on your own feet. Have strength, restraint and a little pride." Suddenly, impulsively, she unfastened the flower and gave it to him. "Here! It *is* real. It wasn't sewed on."

Terry couldn't do anything but let her go. Maybe she was right about him having made a doormat of himself but he hadn't been able to think of anything else since that first time he had seen her. Even the new song he was writing with Chappie Champagne, his partner, had been left unfinished as he spent his days dreaming and his nights pursuing her. His watch and his cuff links and gold cigarette case had followed each other to the pawn shop and Chappie had tried to talk to him, pointing out the way his hotel bill was accumulating, the way they both needed money. But it was useless. Terry knew those things himself.

But he knew the other things too, the things he tried to tell Chappie, that she was the new moon in the sky, the princess

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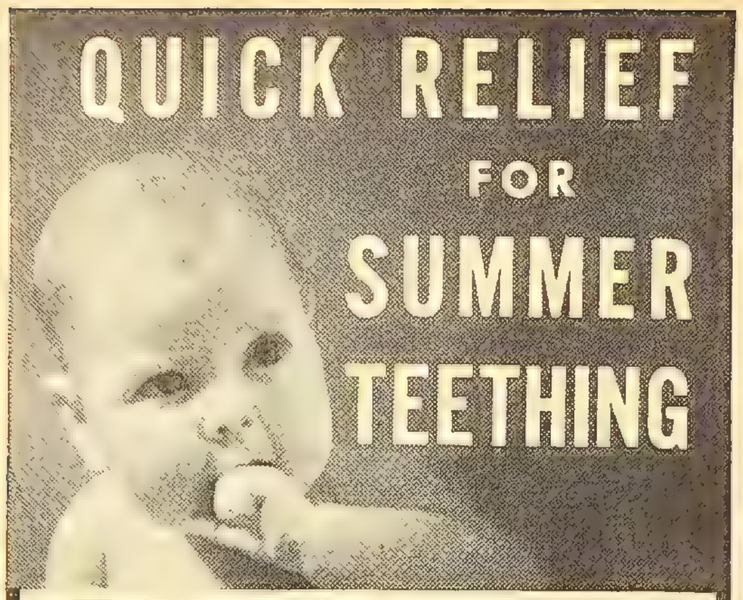
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in a fairy tale, that she could make the sun shine even when it was raining.

"Put that to music and we've got a hit," Chappie had growled. "Lay off, Terry. Forget it. Dames like that come out of ice-boxes. She's the doll in the toy shop window and you'll bust your nose on the glass."

As if Terry didn't know and as if knowing could help him. He felt sunk as he left the terrace and walked into the lobby and then he turned as he heard her name spoken. He felt as if it had been torn right out of his heart.

But the man who had spoken it didn't look as if he felt that way. He was big and handsome and self-satisfied, the kind of man at whom women take a second look and invariably regret it. There was a sense of his own unchallengeable superiority about him and Terry disliked him on the spot.

"But can't you at least take a note to Miss Croyden?" the stranger was asking as if he were amused at the floorman's insistence that he couldn't go into the gambling rooms unless he was in evening clothes. "Pencil?" he demanded superciliously.

The floorman shook his head as he fumbled in his pocket and Terry seized the opportunity.

"Pencil." He smiled, offering his own to this superior being who accepted it as homage plainly due him, barely glancing at Terry as he wrote a note and called for a page. But Terry knew when to throttle his pride. "They're never around when you need them," he went on casually. "Can I help in any way?"

"That's very kind." The other barely nodded. "If you happen to be going into the gambling room you might take this card to Miss Croyden; any of the floormen will point her out to you. Just tell her to have a little patience. I'll be right back. Thank you very much, old man."

"Not at all." Terry made his own voice sound as clipped and bored as the other's had but he grinned as he stopped outside the gambling room and tore the card into little pieces and thrust them in his pocket.

Consuelo was sitting in her usual place when he came into the room and as usual she was winning. She was keeping the bank and there was a stack of chips and money in front of her.

"A bank of thirty-two hundred dollars!" the croupier announced. "Anyone say Banco?" But no one did. It was clear that they were afraid of her run of luck and Terry looked at them indignantly. Imagine anyone not wanting to play with Consuelo!

"Banco!" Terry called impulsively and then as the cards were dealt his face blanched. He had lost and all he had in his pocket was the fifty dollars the pawnbroker had given him for his cigarette case. But Consuelo only looked bored as she pushed the cards away and indicated she was through playing for the evening.

"That'll be thirty-two hundred dollars, Mr. Trindale," the croupier suggested pleasantly. "Do you wish to pay Miss Croyden personally? You'll find blank checks in the bar if you need one."

Terry nodded helplessly and followed her to the bar. "Will you have something?" he asked tonelessly.

"Just ink." Consuelo turned to the waiter. "And a blank check." Then as he brought them she turned to Terry. "Just sign and the desk will cash it."

Terry felt as if he were punch drunk. "It's like a bell." He pressed his finger on his check. "You push here and it rings somewhere else. Only I'm pushing here." His eyes sought hers desperately. "And it doesn't ring. The batteries are dead."

"Meaning?" Consuelo demanded disdainfully and then without waiting for h answer, "I know. You can't pay me."

"But I will pay you." Terry drew sor crumpled bills out of his pocket. "I c give you fifty now and—"

Consuelo waved the money aside indi nantly. "I almost felt a little sorry for y out there," she said. "I thought you we a fool. But now I see you're a welshe Why did you do such a thing?"

"Because I walked in there," Terry sa miserably. "And there you were. Nobo would play with you. You looked at n and—and—well, I couldn't say 'I love yo in front of all those people so I sa 'Banco.' It was a love call."

"This place must be a happy huntir ground for men like you." She looked him coldly. "Foolish women just awaitir for some attractive heel."

"Attractive?" Terry brightened just little.

"Heel!" she said flatly.

"I guess this washes you up with n and it doesn't matter whether I love yo or not." Terry shook his head as sh glanced away. "Then I might as well giv you this note. Only I tore it up," he con fessed ruefully, bringing the little piece out of his pocket. "I didn't like other me sending notes to you."

Consuelo felt as if she were suffocatin as she saw the bold disdainful bits of hand writing dancing before her eyes. Tony handwriting.

"Want me to put it together again? Terry asked. "I'm good at jig-saws."

"No. I know what it is. Go away, Consuelo said savagely. Then as he starte to leave she called imperiously, "Com back! Put it together. Did he say any thing?"

"He said," Terry couldn't look at her "he said, 'Have a little patience and he' be right back.'"

"Patience!" she whispered. *"Patience."* Her cheeks flamed with the old agony, th old humiliation. She couldn't go on lik this. She couldn't. Suddenly she looked a Terry. "Come with me," she commanded

It wasn't until she had ushered him int her living room that Consuelo spoke again "How much is a secretary paid?" she asked and then as Terry looked at her bewil dered, "Never mind. You're going to b my secretary for ten weeks at three hun dred dollars a week. Then the debt wil be paid."

"I can't type." Terry shook his head. "I don't take shorthand or keep books. I'd be hopeless."

"You don't have to." Consuelo wa plainly impatient. "When you spoke to me

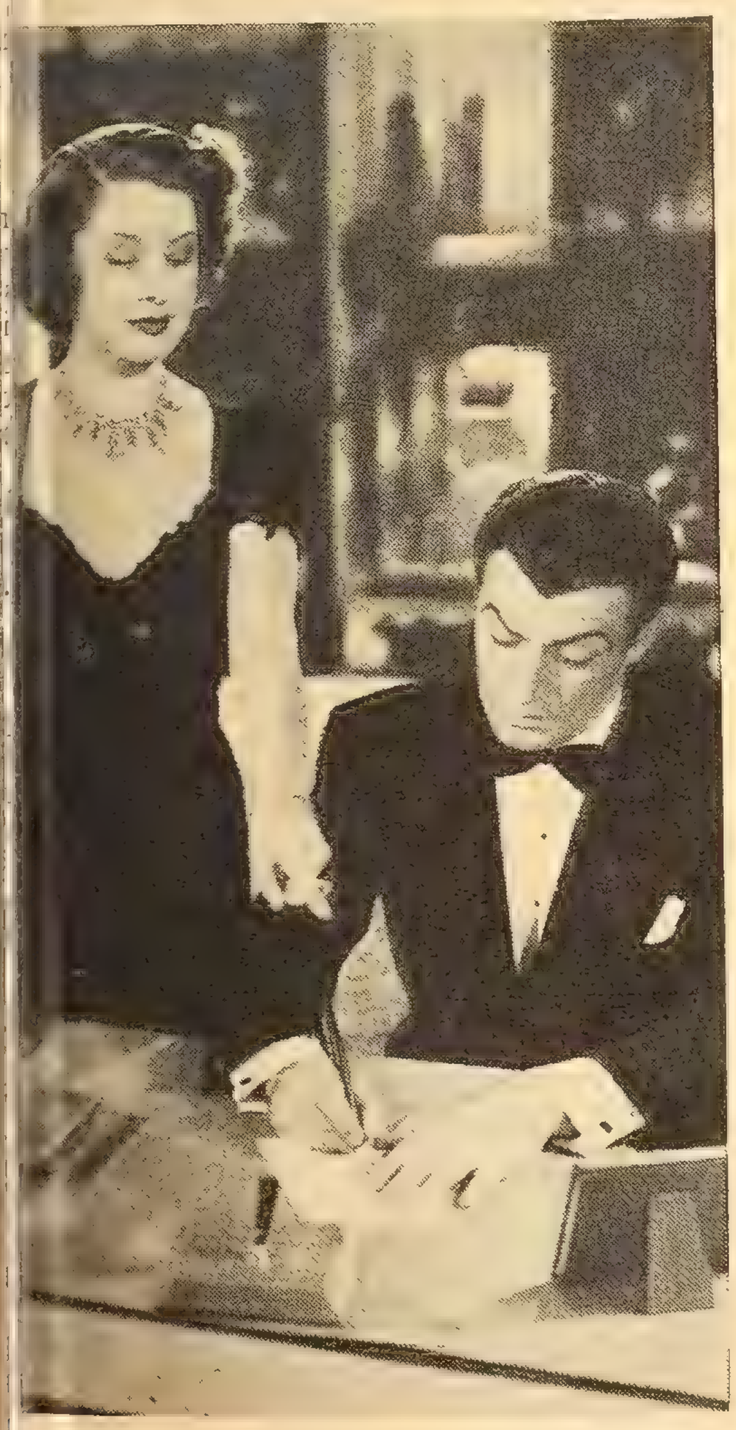
CAST

"HER CARDBOARD LOVER"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Screen play by Jacques Deval and John Collier, Anthony Veiller and William H. Wright. Based upon a play by Jacques Deval. Producer, J. Walter Ruben. Director, George Cukor.

Consuelo Croyden....Norma Shearer
Terry Trindale.....Robert Taylor
Tony Barling.....George Sanders
Chappie Champagne..Frank McHugh
Eva.....Elizabeth Patterson
Judge.....Chill Wills

his evening, what did you want to be?"
"The one man in your life," Terry announced breathlessly.
"That's what you're going to be," she said. Then she backed away as Terry took that quick step toward her. "No, let me explain. On the stage, the butler brings in a chicken; at least it looks like a chicken and pretends to be a chicken but it isn't a chicken. It's made of cardboard. You will be my cardboard lover. Or fiance, sweetheart, call it what you like."
"Oh, no!" Terry's outrage suggested anything but cardboard. "Not me."
"You *must* help me." Her imperiousness was gone now and she was more ravishing than ever with her eyes looking so frightened as she appealed to him. "You must. I need you!"
"Why?" he asked, forcing himself to stand rooted to the spot when all he wanted to do was to take her in his arms and kiss her fears away.
"Agree and I'll explain," she said tensely. Then as he nodded, unable to deny her anything, the color flamed in her cheeks. "I feel I can trust you but I'd better have it in writing." And there was nothing Terry could do but put his agreement into the words she dictated, the words that were as binding as a legal document. Then as he signed his name she took a quick breath.
"That man who gave you the card," she said steadily. "He was to be my husband. I have broken with him but I still love him. Love—it's not love, it's madness. When I met him he was getting a divorce. We had to wait. We were together constantly, with his crowd. Bermuda, Havana, South America. He was everything to me. What I was to him I don't know. For with him it was adoration at one moment and heartless cruelty the next. In Rio one morning he almost killed a young officer who gave me flowers. That evening he left me in a café and went off with one of the dancers."
"And you took him back?" Terry demanded incredulously.
"Yes. That time and the next and the next. That went on till at last I woke up, like a sleepwalker on the edge of a roof. There was a steamer leaving that morning and I gathered up courage to tell him I was through for good. He laughed and said he would only have to whistle and I would come running back to him. And that card he gave you was the whistle."
"How did he know you were here?" Terry gave her a long searching look as if he already knew the answer.
"I wrote and told him." Her voice came in a half whisper. "Oh, I can see you're despising me and I don't wonder. I know just what he is and I love him. He kills every vestige of self-respect in me and yet if he were to come in this moment—" Suddenly she stopped and her voice hardened. "This time it'll be different. You are here to protect me, to keep him away from me. You are not to leave me alone an hour, not a minute—"
"Not a second," Terry agreed jubilantly.
"You must be there between him and me all the time," she went on breathlessly. "Whatever happens, whatever I do or say. If he speaks to me you interrupt. If I try to go to him, hold me back. Use force if necessary. Beat me."
"Heck! No!" Terry protested.
"Yes. You must," she insisted. "I've got to make him believe it's you I love, that I'm going to marry you." She stopped as the door opened and a middle-aged spinsterish woman came into the room, clutching her flannel dressing-gown agitatedly when she saw Terry.
"Miss Consuelo," she wailed. "He's here. He's downstairs paying the taxi."
"That's all right, Eva." Consuelo tried to sound calm, but she couldn't, not with her pulses racing like that, with every nerve straining toward him. "Let him wait outside a minute, then show him in. It'll be all right, Eva."
"I hope so, Miss." Eva sighed and looked thoroughly unconvinced and Terry's heart warmed toward her. He knew then that Consuelo's maid despised Tony as much as he did himself. But his eyes were mocking as he turned to Consuelo.
"You go out on the patio," she said and then as if gathering some last poor remnants of pride around her, "you see, I'll have to tell him about us. I have this little triumph coming to me."
She felt as if she couldn't breathe as Terry left the room. But Tony mustn't see her excitement. She must be calm, calm and cool and collected, she mustn't let him guess what his coming meant. And then that old feeling as he sauntered into the room, the old madness coming again at the sound of his voice, so casual and mocking and tender, all at once.
"What shall it be?" He smiled as if it were only yesterday he had seen her. "One of those wild scenes which you're not very good at? Or a reconciliation at which you're so adorable?"
"Tony!" She looked at him steadily. "When I fell in love with you, I didn't have to tell you, you sensed it." And then as he bowed, not even bothering to try to hide his amusement, she forced herself to go on. "Can't you sense that I don't love you any more?"
"You always were a wretched liar, Consuelo," he said imperturbably.
"I was, wasn't I?" she agreed brightly. "But I loved you then. That's all changed now. Wish me happiness, Tony. I'm in love with some one else." Then as his grin broadened. "Hard to believe, isn't it? It's the real thing this time. He never thinks



This scene from "Her Cardboard Lover" shows Norma Shearer and Bob Taylor closing the deal whereby he becomes her employee. His job is to make her forget the man she loves.





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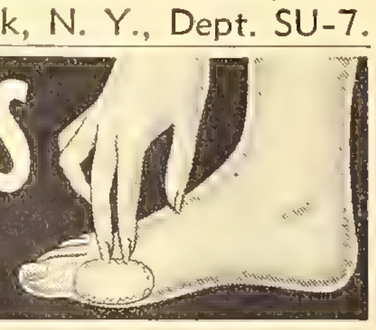
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of anyone else. He adores me. And I adore him."

'What's his name?" Even Tony's eyes were laughing now. "Go on. Invent one." Then as she told him Terry's name, the first sign of annoyance came. "Oh, stop it, darling. The joke's wearing thin."

"The joke's on you and you don't like it." Consuelo's voice rose in her triumph. "You don't like feeling the fool, do you? Your charm isn't working tonight. I'm not falling at your feet, am I?" Then as he made that quick step toward her and she felt his arms holding her, his arrogant mouth seeking hers, she faltered.

"Listen," he whispered in that old confident way of his. "I'm on the yacht. Out on the club moorings. There's a gang with me. We're sailing for Charleston in the morning. Coming?"

"No, Tony," she said resolutely, but he went on as if he hadn't heard her.

"I'll tell Danny at the club to stand by with his launch all night. We lift anchor at eight."

"I won't be there, Tony," Consuelo whispered desperately. "I won't!" But her defenses were going. She could feel them crumble. It was the way it always was when he was there, forgetting everything but the enchantment of his eyes, his voice, his transient tenderness. Then just as she was about to give in, she heard Terry's voice.

"Consuelo, darling," he called gaily and she turned to see him coming in from the patio, a bunch of roses in his hands, with the stems still dripping with the water from the vase which had held them. "I picked you some flowers."

"Oh, how sweet," Consuelo cooed furiously from behind her clenched lips but Terry only grinned fatuously and took advantage of the situation to put his arms around her possessively. It was only then he pretended to discover Tony.

"Oh, company," he said casually.

"Yes." Consuelo squirmed uncomfortably. "Terry, darling, this is Tony Barling."

"How do you do." Terry put out his hand cordially but Tony ignored it. "Oh, it's you," he said coldly.

"Small world, isn't it?" Terry said brightly. "Cigarette? Highball?" He turned to Consuelo then. "Kiss for the bartender, lady?" he demanded. And Consuelo felt she had to play up to him enough to give him that icy peck on his cheek.

"Isn't he amusing?" she said then, turning to Tony.

"Yes," he said bitingly. "Makes me hate to leave. But I have a date."

Consuelo felt as if her world was crashing again. The old hurt and jealousy flared again at the thought of his going to someone else but she forced herself to stand there in the circle of Terry's arm, to play her part in this ridiculous tableau, this picture of a contented, happy couple saying goodnight to an outsider.

"Well, that's round one," Terry said as the door slammed. But he took his supporting arm away self-consciously.

"Yes." Consuelo frowned. Then she forced herself to play up to him. She had to get rid of him, and fast. "You were perfect." She smiled sleepily, her hand patting back an over-elaborate yawn. "Thank you, very much." She pressed her knuckles against her eyes, overdoing completely the sleepy little girl act. "I'm just exhausted."

"Comes on suddenly down here, doesn't it?" Terry said pleasantly, picking up his hat and going to the door. "It's the air, relaxing, all that. Well, goodnight. I'll report in the morning."

"Yes, Mr. Trindale, do," Consuelo said prettily. Then as the door closed behind him she sprang to life, dashing across the hall and taking the stairs three at a time. "Eva, Eva, where are you?" she called wildly. "Hurry, hurry. Pack my bag at once."

Eva shook her head as she came down the corridor. "Hurry for what? More trouble, more tears!" And she sighed as she began packing the bag.

Consuelo's heart kept doing a crazy jig as she waited. All those precious seconds when she could be with Tony wasted! And it did seem Eva was taking an unconscionably long time at her task, as if she were stretching the moments that would keep her mistress away from him. But at last the bag was packed and Consuelo snatched it up triumphantly.

"Goodbye, Eva!" The old excitement was back in her voice. "We sail in the morning." She was almost dancing as she went to the door. Then she turned and gave the anxious Eva an impulsive hug. "I'll wire you from somewhere," she promised. "Wish me luck."

"You'll need it!" Eva shook her head dolefully.

Maybe she would, Consuelo thought. But she wouldn't think of that now. She couldn't think of that now, with joy urging on her heart so that her running feet could hardly keep up with its mad rhythm. Then, as she reached the stairs, she stopped, for there on the top step was Terry, looking as if he planned to stay there forever with two of her fluffiest boudoir pillows propped behind his back and an ash tray, a cigarette box, a plate of fruit and a magazine all within cozy reach. He had prepared for a siege. No doubt of that.

Consuelo dropped her bag with a frustrated gasp and Terry looked up at her reproachfully.

"And if I try to go to him, hold me back!" he said, making her more furious than ever quoting her own words right back at her like this.

It didn't help at all knowing she had only herself to blame for finding herself in this horrible position. And it grew worse instead of better. For weeks it grew worse, weeks in which there was no word from Tony; weeks when, if Terry wasn't following her, he was behind her door or underneath her window. No watch dog could have been more devoted, but Consuelo didn't appreciate any part of it. And the most horrible thing of all was when he had Chappie come to the house to work on their song. Consuelo definitely didn't call that song music and in spite of all her hints that Terry go too, he stayed behind when it was finished and Chappie took a plane for New York. She knew she had to do something drastic the day one of her closest friends, Liz Hartwell, called to say Tony was back and would be at the dinner she was giving that evening. Consuelo was desperate. She *had* to get to that dinner. But to get there she had to get rid of Terry at once!

She thought of ways as she dressed, choosing the gown that had been Tony's favorite, arranging her hair in the way he liked it best. And then finally she had an idea and sent Eva in to Terry, giggling as she listened behind the door.

"Miss Croydon is ill," Eva said, and she sounded convincing in spite of her reluctance to play Consuelo's little game. "She told me to tell you she's sent for the doctor and you might as well go home."

"Oh, no!" Terry was much too emphatic. "I'll wait around." And then hopefully, "Maybe it's something contagious and we'll all be quarantined."

"Quarantined!" Consuelo muttered furiously. "What does he call this? Cooped up here all day?"

Suddenly she thought of something and snatching up a dressing gown put it on over her evening dress and clasping an ice bag to her forehead looked just as wan

s she possibly could manage as she trailed nto the living room.

"I just couldn't stand my stuffy little oom any longer." She smiled pathetically s she settled herself into a corner of the ofa and held out a languid hand. "Come nd sit down, Terry. I want to talk to you. ou know, it's been such a helpful thing eing ill. It's given me time to think, being one all day, the shades drawn. I've had chance to take stock of myself, to realize hat a dog's life I've been leading you. o!" she said quickly as he started to rotest. "Let me finish, Terry. I've decided is arrangement of ours must stop."

"Oh!" Terry gave her a long, searching ok. "You mean I'm fired. But I still ve you two thousand dollars."

"We'll forget about that," she said magnimously. "You've been wonderful. I ought it would take months to cure me t you've done it in just these few short eeks. At last I'm at peace with myself. have a clear head and a free heart. When woman makes up her mind to forget, she rgets, even more than there was to remember. I'm free, Terry, and so are you. he debt is paid."

It was amazing how he didn't protest at l and Consuelo was so grateful she even ssed him goodbye. "He's gone, Eva," she id happily. "I got rid of him so easily. e flitted away, like a mosquito through window."

"He was such a nice young man," Eva ghed as she began rearranging Consuelo's ir. Then the telephone rang and she ached for it but Consuelo snatched it way from her and she was glad she had hen she heard Tony's voice.

"I'm leaving this very minute," she said gerly. And then at his question, she giged like a school girl. "Well, Eva says I ok lovely. I'm wearing my silver dress d wrap. What did you say? Oh!" The arm color flooded her cheeks as she anced at the thoroughly disapproving va. "Why, of course, Tony. Yes, I'll wear negligée, Oh, it's wonderful you're com- g here. Yes, yes, *yes!* Oh, hurry, darling, rry!"

Her heart was singing as she took off r evening dress and donned the coquetsh negligée Tony had demanded. Her es were singing too as she looked in e mirror, determined there must be no w to mar her appearance this night of l nights.

"Tonight, tonight!" she whispered ecatically. Then she sighed. "But what out tomorrow! Well, if I cry," she omised herself, "I'll wear my sun asses."

She heard his footsteps on the stairs, his oice calling her name and her heart ran meet him. Then as he came into the om all the excitement drained out of r. For it was Terry standing there in e door, with his old mocking smile, whisering her name in a fiendish imitation Tony's voice.

"You, it was you!" she gasped. "I'll ver forgive you, never. It was such a ean, low trick!"

"I admit it was pretty raw." Terry asn't smiling now. "But you were letting urself in for something a darn sight orse. You didn't fool me. But I had to nd out how far you would go. And I und out plenty. You were willing to romise him anything to get him back, rawling to him, throwing away your selfspect, your pride."

"I've no pride with him," Consuelo ushed on recklessly. "No shame. I'll do ything, anything he asks, everything he ants."

She stared at him defiantly, then suddenly her knees began buckling as she eard Tony's voice below talking to Eva. With a cry she almost threw herself on Terry, forcing him toward her dressing room. "Get in there," she whispered savagely. "And if you move, if you stir, I warn you, I'll—I'll—" But Terry only grinned and went meekly into the room.

She felt as if she couldn't breathe when Tony came in but when she ran eagerly toward him he held her off.

"This is all very well," he said coldly. "But I've been at the Hartwells sitting next to an empty chair all through dinner, looking like a fool. And I don't like looking a fool, especially in Liz Hartwell's eyes. They're too pretty."

"So Liz Hartwell has pretty eyes!" Consuelo flared. "Is that all you have to say to me after a month?"

"I had nicer things to say." Tony shrugged and then as Consuelo looked at him entreatingly, promising everything in that look, he brightened just a little. "Maybe you've learned something this last month." His voice was tender again now. "But if we try again you must promise me something. There are two words, two ugly little words which caused all our troubles. They are *where* and *when* and you are never to use them again. Leave me free and I think I can be rather nice. After all, I've set you a pretty good example for not being jealous. I was broad minded enough not to—"

"But Terry doesn't mean anything to me," Consuelo interrupted frantically. "I know what I did was insane, but you'd hurt me. I was so desperate I hired him as a watch dog to pretend to love me." It wasn't going over. Consuelo knew that when she saw his skeptical, bored smile. "You don't believe me?" she demanded. "Well, there's somebody you will believe. Terry!" she called imperiously. "Terry, come out here at once."

The door to the dressing room opened quickly, too quickly, and Terry stood there, Terry dressed in her blue satin pajamas and teetering as he tried to walk on her most absurd pair of mules, Terry looking his most reproachful. "Darling, the hot water faucet's dripping again," he said plaintively.

It was too much for Tony's ego. He took one outraged look and left and Consuelo wheeled on Terry, blind with fury. She had never thought she could fight with anyone but Tony as she fought with Terry then, not with words alone but with action, her hand stinging from the slap she gave him. But it was all useless. Terry stood in front of the door and refused to allow her to run after Tony and in the end she gave in and crept into bed, so utterly exhausted, she was asleep before the telephone began ringing in the next room.

Terry grinned as he took off the receiver and heard Tony's voice sputtering on the other end, heard it still sputtering as he left the receiver off, still unanswered. Then with the clear mind of one who feels he has done his duty well, he went home.

It was his luck, good or bad, Terry couldn't quite figure out which, that he met Tony coming out of the hotel as he was coming in. That meeting, it was like fire meeting fire, like two halves of a Bromo Seltzer, like two enemy armies confronting each other. It could only have one ending.

Consuelo read about it the next morning when the papers carried an account of the

"Highly Irregular," the romantic comedy starring Joan Bennett and Franchot Tone which was fictionized in the May issue of SCREENLAND, is being released at your neighborhood theater as "The Wife Takes A Flyer."


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Scene from "Horse and Buggy" opening of Mme. Louise Bruné's new dressmaking salon in New York. Among the interesting numbers was this bicycle dress—draped, cut and pinned by Mme. Bruné in five minutes for Carol Bruce, Universal Pictures star. Finished off with a big "sandwich pocket" on the right side of the skirt, and a wide pleat in the back, it met the approval of members of the Bicycle Club of America who were present, and also a wide-eyed committee of Navy boys who selected names for Mme. Bruné's creations.

fight in the lobby. They had both been arrested, charged with damage to the hotel property and their hearing was being held the next day.

Oh, she was having her revenge at last, was Consuelo, as she sat in court, alternatively smiling at Tony and scowling at Terry, waiting for her chance to testify when Tony accused Terry of being a gigolo.

"He was nothing to me," she told the court then. "Nothing at all. He was just someone hanging around the casino, getting under foot, gambling without money. He lost three thousand dollars to me and couldn't pay so I hired him to work it out. Now, is that clear?"

Terry looked as if she had slapped him again. "You've made it very clear," he said.

"Quiet!" The judge turned on him furiously. "If there's one thing this court has no use for it's a welsher!"

Consuelo gasped at that. She had gone too far. There was a look in the judge's eyes that could only mean months in jail. Then suddenly there was a shout from the back of the courtroom and Chappie came dashing down to the bench, Chappie just off a plane from New York, gallantly coming to his friend's aid and there wasn't a thing the judge could do when he took out that huge roll of bills, the advance he'd gotten for the song, and paid the various charges piled up against Terry.

For weeks Consuelo had wanted to get rid of Terry; she had schemed and planned and now he was really going back to New York, out of her life forever, so furious he wouldn't even say goodbye. But it was strange the way she couldn't feel happy about his going. And it was stranger still how it was Terry's car she was staring sadly after when Tony came over to her, so that she couldn't look at him at all. But the strangest thing of all was that Tony was being all the things she had wished he would be, and saying all the things she had longed for him to say and they didn't matter at all.

"An amazing thing happened the other night," he was whispering. "At first I wasn't very impatient when I called and couldn't reach you. And then little by little I began to miss you more and more, wondering why you didn't answer and suddenly I actually discovered I couldn't stand another moment without you. I'm afraid you've won, darling. I'll answer all your *wheres* and *whys*. But there'll be no reaso for them."

Only then did Consuelo look at him. "I doesn't work," she said in a small bewil dered voice. "Isn't it odd? Two month ago I'd have died for you; two hours ag I'd have thrown everything away for yo You were the only one in the world. A advertisement made me want to buy tie for you. I closed my eyes and I saw yo There was no silence for me. Your voic filled it. But it's gone. There's no magi in it any more. I'm free, Tony—quite free.

"But you came here because you love me!" Tony, the sure, the arrogant, wa pleading now.

"Yes," Consuelo said doubtfully. "Maybe I don't know. Why, I must have loved yo this morning because—" Suddenly sh stopped and the old excitement was ham mering in her veins. Only it wasn't fo Tony now. "Oh, Tony, when did I sto loving you?" Her voice was wondering "Maybe it's been weeks, maybe ever sinc that night on the terrace when I gave hin a flower. Oh, Tony, what have I done I've ruined everything, all because of thi mania I had for you. I loved him all th time and never knew it."

She didn't even wait to bury that dea love decently, to say goodbye in a wa that would salvage some of a man's ego tossing her farewell to him so casually a she ran over to the clerk and whispere an urgent message. Then the waiting again the intolerable waiting before the polic car screamed to a stop outside and th two policemen came in escorting the indig nant Terry between them. And the judg looked just as indignant as he turned t the clerk.

"George," he said testily. "What's th matter with you? We've finished witl him. Oh," he said then as the clerk shrugged and handed up the complaint t him. "Grand larceny, eh? And you're th complaining witness." He turned to Con suelo who didn't look complaining at all with her eyes shining like that. "So h stole two dozen silver spoons."

"Spoons!" Terry glared. "What spoons?"

"Quiet." The judge pounded the bench with his gavel. "They were your spoons weren't they?" he asked Consuelo. An then as she nodded, "And he stole them?"

"No, Your Honor," Consuelo said pret tily. "He was going away." And then a the judge continued banging the gavel i his amazement, she flushed. "Please, judge," she said reprovingly. "If you want an in telligent answer out of me, don't bang tha hammer! You see, it was like this. I wanted so much to talk to him and he wa furious with me. Oh, I don't blame him Your Honor. I've behaved very badly t him, abominably, and now I wish to make him understand that it was only because I didn't know I loved him."

Terry's patience was wearing thin right up to those last words. Then he gasped "What did she say?" he demanded.

"She said she loves you." The judge frowned. "But doggone if it makes sense to me!"

"Did you say that?" Terry demanded and as she faced him they were alone on a desert island.

"Yes, I said it, darling." Consuelo's voice was radiant. "Right out loud. The way you said, 'Banco.' And if ever again I treat you badly—"

She couldn't get any further with Terry sweeping her into his arms and stopping her words with a kiss.

"I know," he whispered. "I beat you."

And as he kissed her again he felt as if his heart was pounding so hard it was going to pop right out into the courtroom and fall at her feet. Only it wasn't his heart, it was the judge's gavel pounding for order.

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